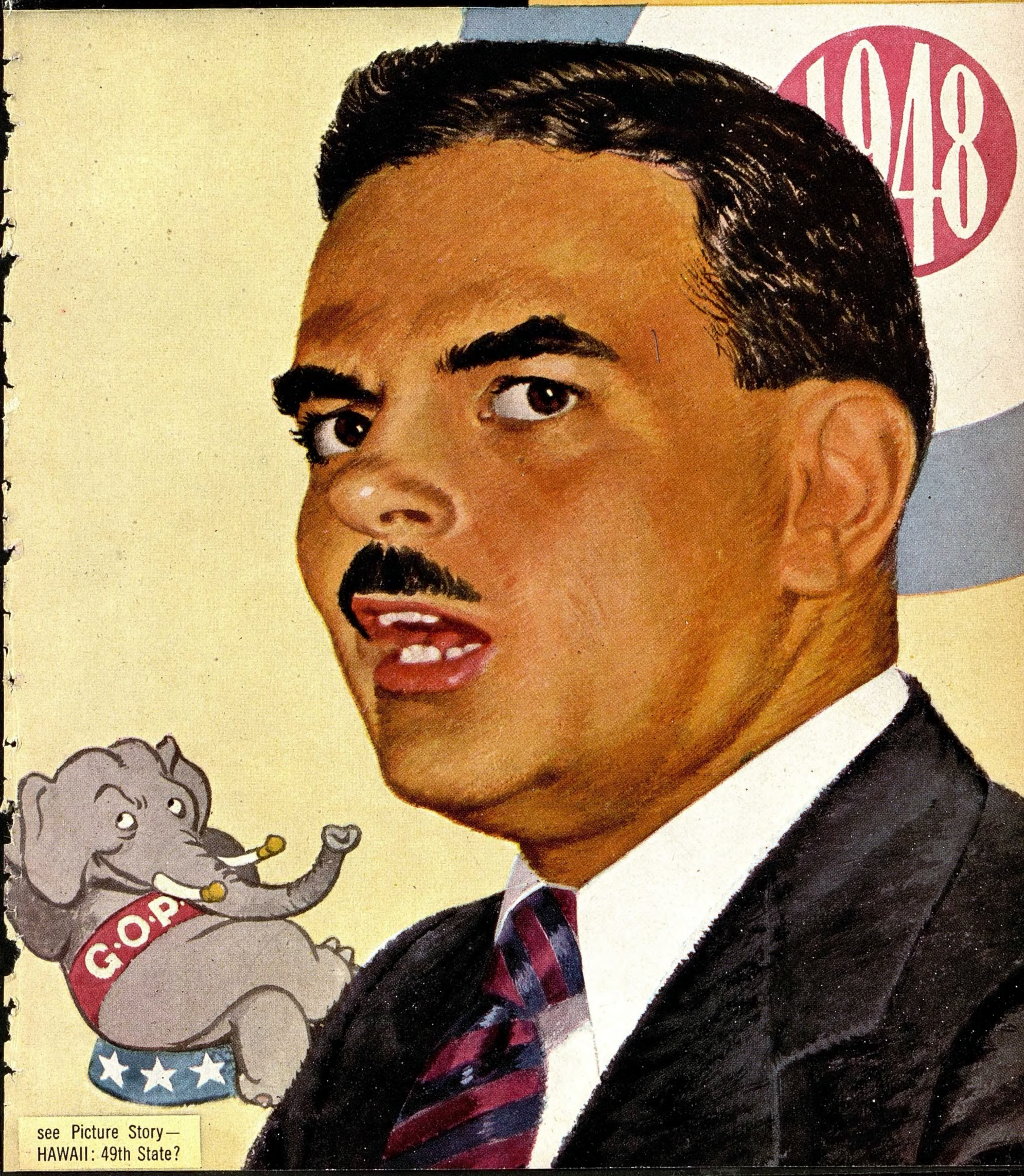


Liberty

TEN CENTS

NOVEMBER 1947

WHAT GERMAN GIRLS
SEE IN AMERICAN MEN
THE TRUTH ABOUT DEWEY
BOOK: FULL MOON
By P. G. WODEHOUSE



see Picture Story—
HAWAII: 49th State?



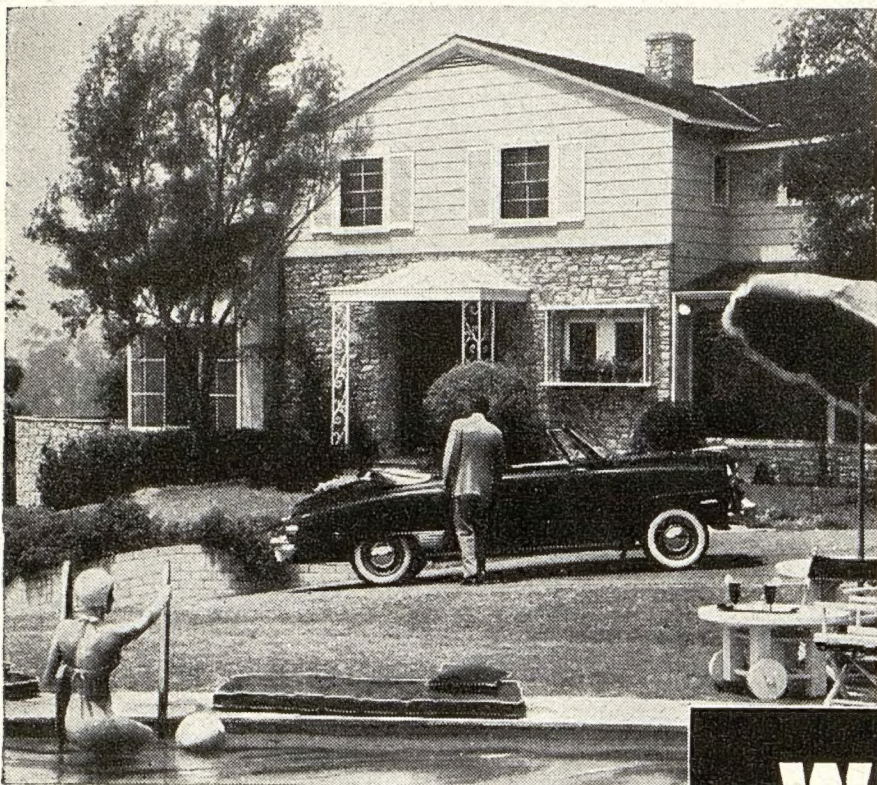
FRESHLY *Minted*

Ever see a dewy-fresh, fragrant bed of mint like this? Probably not — because this is *special* mint, with the sparkling clean, cool flavor you can only find in Clark's Tendermint gum! Clark's fine row-mint is gathered at the peak of early-morning freshness, when nature seals in its true mint-essence. Ask for *freshly minted* Clark's Tendermint—*naturally*, it's better!

 FOR TASTE **Clark's**

1 This mountain-top house overlooking Hollywood is the home of two young screen stars. Mr. R., who was once a sports writer, appeared in over twenty pictures before his U.S. Cavalry service. His next starring vehicle for Warner Bros. is "The Voice of the Turtle." Mrs. R. is also a Warner Bros. star. She played memorable roles in "Night and Day" and "Cheyenne."

They relax with drives in their new car to the beaches at Malibu and Laguna. They say they always use "Ethyl" gasoline because, "Our car is one of the family, and we want it to be happy."



2 The "most celebrated Wagnerian tenor of our generation" lives in this glass-walled home overlooking the San Fernando Valley. He made his opera debut in Copenhagen and in 1946 celebrated his twentieth anniversary as a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He established himself as a movie comedian in "Thrill of a Romance" and "Two Sisters from Boston," and will soon appear in "This Time For Keeps."

He is six feet four, weighs 220, uses "Ethyl" gasoline because, "A car that has to carry a big man like me needs extra power."



Well-known people live in these houses

**WHO
LIVES
HERE?**

...see if you can guess who they are



3

A leading illustrator owns this farmhouse in Bucks County, Pa. He was born in Plattsmouth, Neb., and received his art training in Kansas City and New York. He is best known for his Saturday Evening Post covers portraying ball parks, soda fountains, small town main streets and other Americana.

He spends much of his time touring in search of subjects for his paintings. On long trips he drives a 1941 convertible; closer to home he uses a 1947 two-seater. He buys "Ethyl" gasoline for both cars because, "I practically live on wheels . . . and 'Ethyl' gasoline makes life a lot pleasanter."

How many did you get right? Read this for the correct names:

You've probably noticed that the three home-owners we've described have one thing in common—they all use "Ethyl" gasoline. However, that isn't much of a clue to a person's identity. There are millions of Americans who believe that it pays to use "Ethyl" gasoline for power, performance and all-round satisfaction.

But from the other facts given, you might have guessed that the people who live in these

houses are: 1. Ronald Reagan—Jane Wyman
2. Lauritz Melchior 3. John Falter.

Why do these famous people look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark? Simply because they want their cars to run their best. Oil companies place the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on gasoline pumps to identify their best gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. Ethyl Corporation, New York, N. Y.



LOOK FOR THE
"ETHYL"
TRADE-MARK



We are writing this column after seeing the results of a preview designed to test public reaction to M-G-M's new production, "Green Dolphin Street".

★ ★ ★ ★

Ninety-two per cent of the audience thought the picture was either "very good" or "excellent"! This is the highest favorable audience reaction in the history of previews, according to statistics of the Motion Picture Research Bureau.

★ ★ ★

Yes... "Green Dolphin Street" has fulfilled all the spectacular promise of Elizabeth Goudge's magnificent romance which won for its author the coveted \$125,000 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer first Annual Novel Award.



★ ★ ★

You live through an earthquake and a tidal wave. You see stately frigates plunge through storm-lashed seas; the globe spins, and you're in the Orient, then among the warring tribesmen on New Zealand.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Green Dolphin Street" is epic stuff, possessing a power and a grandeur rarely achieved in motion pictures. It tells of a curious and wild romance that carries its lovers to distant and exotic ends of

the world. And, as if the earthquake and the tidal wave were not enough to spellbind, the storm of these lovers' emotion creates one of the most startling climaxes ever filmed.



★ ★ ★ ★

Alluring Lana Turner triumphs in a daring and new kind of dramatic role and the cast includes lovely Donna Reed, rugged Van Heflin, a talented and handsome newcomer, Richard Hart, as well as Frank Morgan, Edmund Gwenn, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper—one of the finest supporting casts ever assembled.

★ ★ ★ ★

We stand in awe of the men behind "Green Dolphin Street"—Director Victor Saville, Producer Carey Wilson, and screenplay writer Samson Raphaelson—who have translated adventurous words into breathtaking entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has once again done itself proud.

—Lea

TERRIBLE ERROR DEPARTMENT

Last month we said someone else—not George Sidney—directed "Anchors Aweigh." George may be annoyed, so we're hurrying to tell you that he's just done a great job on "Cass Timberlane," which will be the film event of 1948.

PAUL HUNTER, Publisher

The world today in fact, fiction, and pictures

David Brown, Editor

Lee Pasquin, *Managing Editor*
Kathryn Bourne, *Associate Editor*
Duncan B. MacIntosh, *Art Director*
Elsie Christie, *Books*

Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*
John B. Danby, *Associate Editor*
Otto Kurth, *Art Associate*

★ Articles

What German Girls See in American Men.....	Lewis F. Gittler	19
The Truth About Dewey.....	Alden Hatch	22
Girl to Watch.....	Elizabeth Wilson	26
Hollywood Rembrandt.....	Elizabeth Wilson	27
Big Shaver.....	Will Cloney	30
You're Healthier than You Think.....	Berton Braley	35

★ Stories

Pint of Fury.....	Richard Stern	20
The Green-Eyed Idol—Part III.....	Edison Marshall	24
Begin Again—Short Short.....	John D. MacDonald	28
The Castleton Code.....	Robert Ormond Case	36

★ Pictures

EYE-INTEREST: Hawaii: 49th State? 43; Radio Rendezvous, 48; Lovely Leap, 50; Cars of Tomorrow, 51; Movie Reviews, 54.

★ Book Condensation

Full Moon—A hilariously happy P. G. Wodehouse story—abridged to a reading time of one evening.....	38
--	----

★ Features

Vox Pop.....	6	Crossword Puzzle.....	67
Washington Undercurrent.....	Robert S. Allen 16	Records.....	Burl Ives 74

★ Editorial

Let's Keep Them Colossal.....	Paul Hunter 90
-------------------------------	----------------

Cover: Thomas E. Dewey
Painted by Pat Holbrooke

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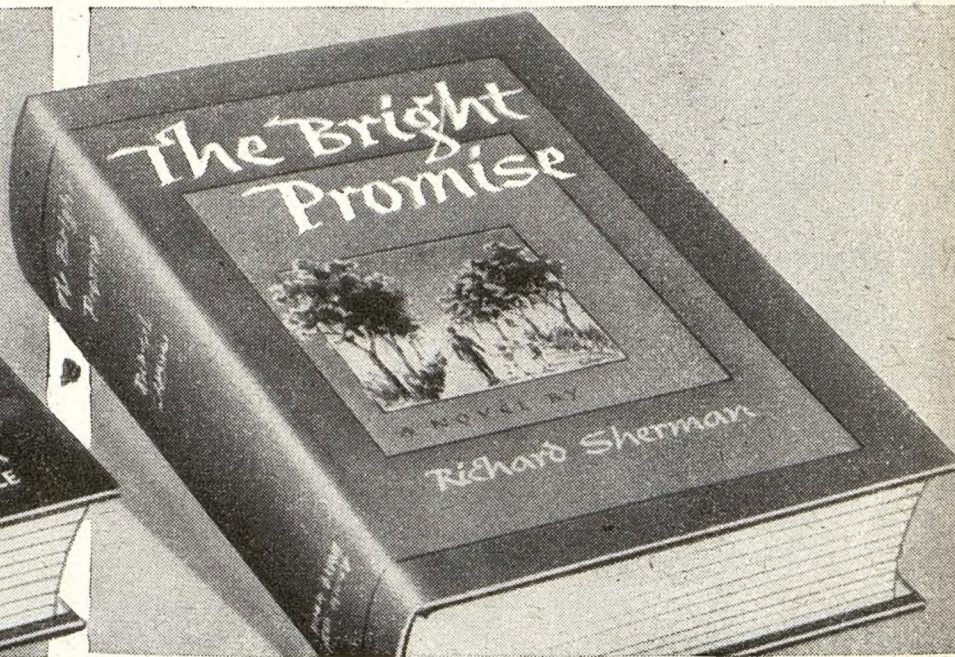
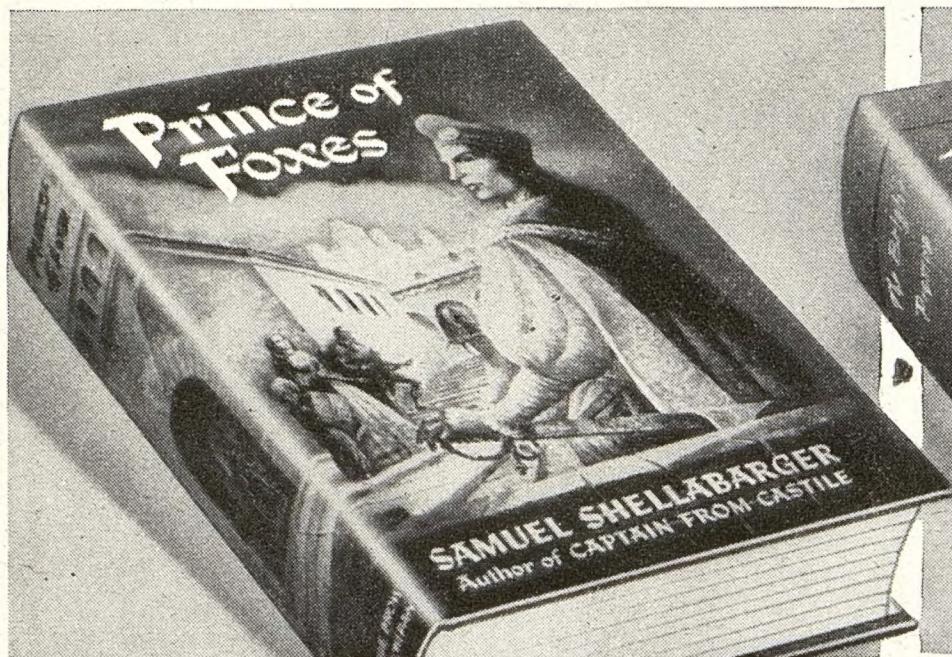
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*Making Love
to Her.*

Was Part of His Job!



The banks closed on their wedding day, and all they had was a few dollars and one job between them! But they were in love, and decided to be married despite the gloomy prospects. Then he got the big idea for a picture magazine—and soon after came amazing success! But something went desperately wrong. His "boss" was a glamorous woman who knew what she wanted—and Lyle found part of his job was making love to her! Here's a novel about the years we all remember—about people you will never forget! Publisher's price is \$2.75.

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Only 10¢**

(Check the book of your choice below)

☐ PRINCE OF FOXES ☐ THE BRIGHT PROMISE

Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 11L, Garden City, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Literary Guild Book Club subscriber and send me at once the book I have checked above, for which I enclose 10¢. (If you also wish the other book as your *first Guild selection* for only \$2.00, check BOTH squares and we will bill you later).

With these books will come my first issue of the Brochure "Wings," telling about the forthcoming Literary Guild selection which will be offered for \$2.00 (plus shipping charge) to members only, regardless of the higher retail price of the publisher's edition. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish to purchase any Guild selection. The purchase of Guild selections is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only four during the year—to fulfill my membership requirement. I am to receive a bonus book for every four selections I buy.

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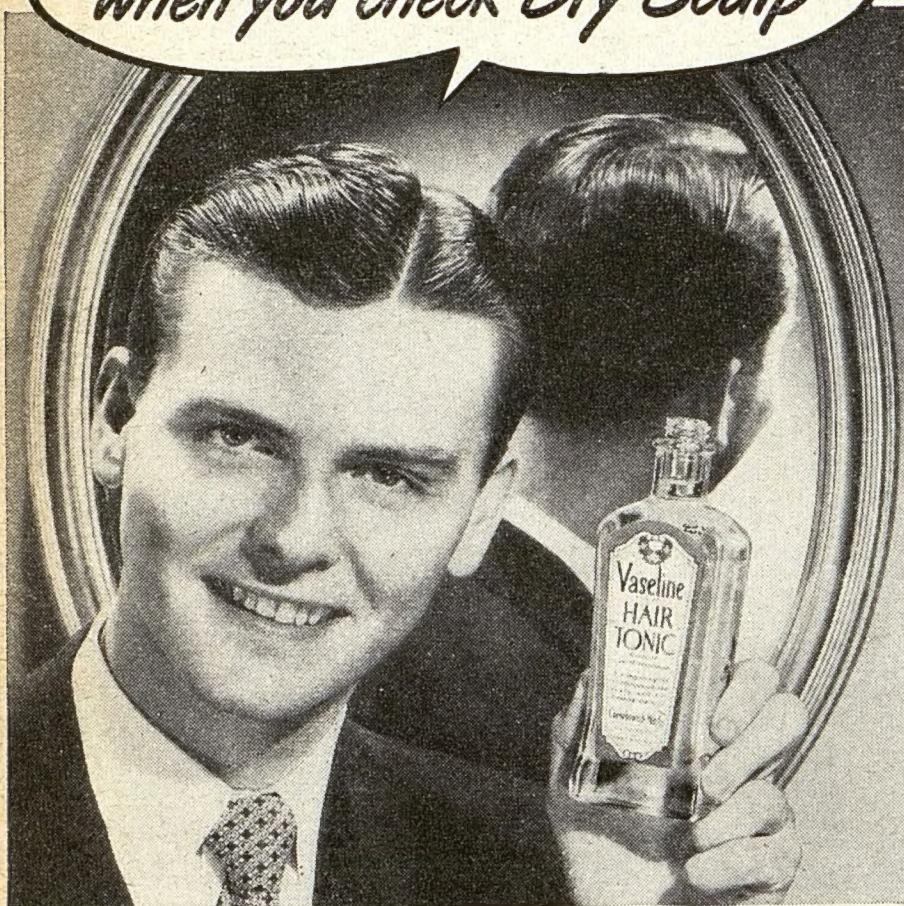
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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... **WORLD EVENTS** absorb him so much, yet he overlooks important *little* things. His hair's a sight! It's dull, unkempt and he's got loose dandruff, too ... I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—it'll do him a world of good!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



SEE HOW MUCH better his hair looks now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—just a few drops a day—does the trick. Why don't *you* try it? Keeps the hair well-groomed, *natural*-looking. Loose dandruff is checked. Remember, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients ... is beneficial with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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★ VOX POP ★

The voice of the people

Bull (J.) Dons Apron

U. S. ZONE, WIESBADEN, GERMANY—Having read the article in your June 21 issue, Lend-Lease Husband, we wish to voice a protest on the remark that a British dishwashing husband is a novelty.

Far from it! From our own experience, a British husband who helps with the evening



dishes and other little household duties is definitely more the rule than the exception.

No marital complaints of our American husbands, but please stick to true facts, and don't give the American people false impressions of our British men.—*Two British War Brides.*

Eying Those Pies

JANESVILLE, WIS.—I see you have an explanation for the flying disks, or saucers (editorial, September). Well, I have a better one. For years the National Association of Manufacturers promised the people pie in the sky. Now they have



taken over, as witness the 80th Congress, and those are the pies.—*J. B. Dybevik.*

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—I am inclined to believe some of the more reliable witnesses, such as the air-line crew over Idaho that saw and described two formations of those strange planes. Having been a navigator in the ETO and having seen some strange sights, I am convinced the crew didn't dream this up.

And if a report came in—as the first one did—that a pilot saw ten in formation near him in Oregon, and there was doubt about their origin, our army and navy would have moved heaven and earth to track them down and get to the bottom of the matter. But they only kept one jet plane in California standing by to give chase.

Optical illusions do not fly in formation.—*B. Halsey.*

Cracker-Barrel Session

IMPERIAL, CALIF.—I like Better Understanding, (Continued on page 8)

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"MRS. FAIRBANKS is imagining things," said Hilda, her nurse. Then Hilda left the door unguarded for 3 minutes—and the old lady was killed!

Those 3 minutes were the ONLY time anyone could have entered. Yet the old lady's radio was turned on AFTER those few minutes. So either (1) she had still been alive; or (2) a CORPSE could turn on a radio!



THE ALBUM

I'LL never forget Mrs. Lancaster lying there—hacked to death! Soon the murderer struck again. Then came Murder No. 3. We were all terrified. Then Detective Dean asked me to get that old album. Suddenly I heard somebody else hunting around. He (or she) wanted that album in the worst way. I was paralyzed with fear. I knew I was to be victim No. 4...



THE CASE OF JENNY BRICE

"MY husband is a fiend!" cried Jennie Brice. Next day Jennie disappeared. They found a blood-stained towel in her husband's room!

BUT THERE WAS NO CORPSE! Witnesses swore Jennie was still alive while her husband was in jail. So the police have (1) a murderer without a body; (2) a murderer with an unbreakable alibi; and (3) a victim still alive AFTER the murder!



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Golden Earrings...*



*..and the heart-pounding
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plunged him into...*



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MITCHELL LEISEN
PRODUCTION

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

★ VOX POP ★

(Continued from page 6)

by Frederic W. Overesch, in the September issue. I like very much the way he terms our system "American Capitalistic Competitive System" and explains its working so that the average reader gets it. Heavy, involved articles may be O.K. for a few students, but to meet Communist propaganda it is not the few who need instruction.

If this writer's idea were carried further—in schools, meetings of all kinds—it would bring home to people that the "they" so often referred to is themselves.—S. J. Halpin.

TULSA, OKLA.—Along with the rest of the enemies of public ownership, you cuss Communism and brag about capitalism. Well, my dictionary says that capitalism means pri-



vate ownership of public utilities for profit's sake. You seem to believe that is better for the public than public ownership, operating for service. I don't see how you are going to argue against our postal system, our school system, libraries, roads, etc.

I know that I am just a little ol' worn-out worker, but anyway, I can think.—M. B. Jensen.

APPLETON, WIS.—I want to congratulate you on publishing the very fine article by Frederic W. Overesch. It is written in a simple way that should be understood by everyone. Your own editorial was very fine and I hope you will continue to do your bit to show Americans how we happen to have so much material wealth for everyone. It is about time that magazine editors used their influence to make Americans understand what democracy means economically. Socialist propaganda, particularly

through the unions, has been so strong that it will take a lot of articles to combat the harm they have done.—Ruth Shallcross, *Economist, Institute of Paper Chemistry.*

MEDFORD, OREG.—The propaganda in your September issue in favor of the presently doubtful blessings of the American Capitalistic Competitive System is perfectly satisfactory to the rent hogs, the price chisel-



ers, and the free enterprisers. But to millions of Americans who are currently paying through the nose for the bare necessities, there are too many pertinent facts omitted. They are under no illusions as to how the "System" actually works.—C. B. Walker.

People Called "Sons"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I thought I ought to tell you what a delightful story I thought *The Kiss* was (September). It is gratifying to read stories with such sensitivity to the finer qualities in men and women. *The Kiss* is romance on a healthy level.—Estelle M. Sternberger, *Commentator, WLIB.*

Bernadine Kreis, the author, says modestly: "It is gratifying to know that someone liked *The Kiss* enough to write *Vox Pop* about it. My interest in people called 'sons' is very real—because of two small boys named Bob and Peter Kreis."—*Vox Pop* Editor.

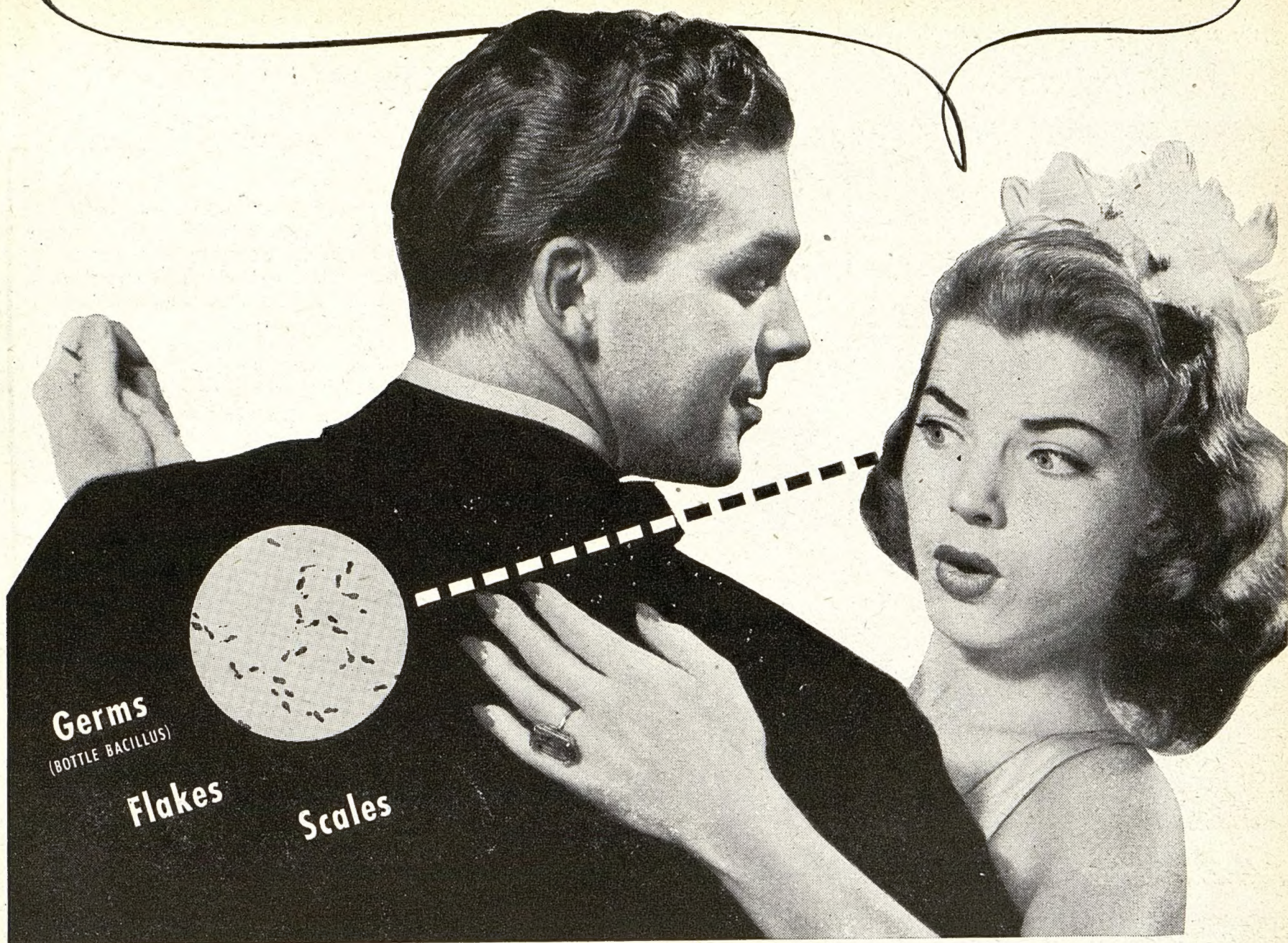
Author vs. Critic

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Dr. William C. Menninger has sent me a copy of his letter to you concerning my article on milieu therapy (August 2).

To set the record straight: An original draft of my article was sent by me to the Menninger Foundation for a fact check, and neither point men-

(Continued on page 10)

Look what I invited! INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!



You aren't welcome, Mister—Better start today with
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE!

GOOD old Harry may not know it, but he won't be invited to *her* house again... not while he goes around looking like something out of a dermatologist's chamber of horrors.

Don't take chances with infectious dandruff. At the first sign of flakes and scales get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as it *should* be treated... with *anti-septic* action. It kills germs associated with dandruff by the million, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," which many authorities regard as a causative agent in the infectious type of dandruff. It helps get rid

of those flakes and scales... alleviates itching. Your scalp and hair feel swell.

In a series of tests 76% of dandruff patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatments. And remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

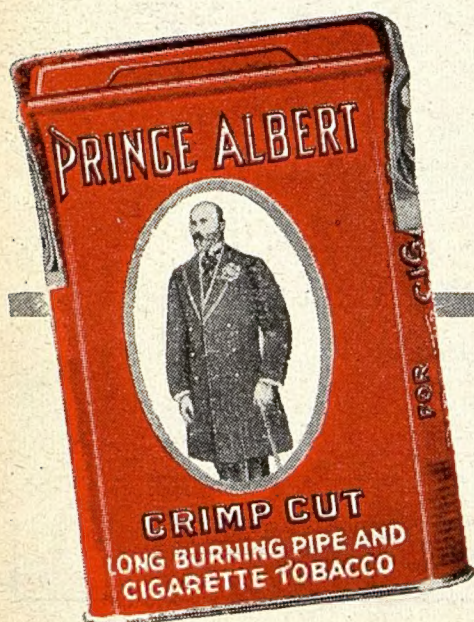
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P.A. means **Prince Albert**



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WITH CRIMP CUT P.A. AND
IT'S GREAT SMOKING!**

**THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE**



★ **VOX POP** ★

(Continued from page 8)
tioned in the doctor's letter was flagged at that time.

He objects to the statement that he "provided such remarkable treatment for psychoneurotic soldiers that 60 per cent of the mental casualties of the war were able to return to army service." He says he didn't provide the treatment; the psychiatrists at the front did. Naturally. In lauding General Marshall for military feats at St. Lô or Argentan we don't mean he personally fired the guns.

Dr. Menninger also objects to my description of milieu therapy as "new." Yet on my visit to the Foundation at least half a dozen of the key staff pointed to it when I asked, "What is the newest, most significant contribution of this clinic?" In fifteen years of development and experimentation, milieu therapy has become a treatment of proven



value—ready to be talked about in print. I think the fact that Liberty was the first magazine to break the story is ample evidence of its newness from a journalistic standpoint.

As for the Menninger Clinic "originating" the treatment method, I did not say this. I said it was *developed* there. Dr. Menninger says that in his own letter.

Apparently what he really objects to is the title, New Cure for Mental Illness. In this I must concur. I entitled my article Psychiatry's Newest Wrinkle, and I was quite disappointed to see the title which was used. In psychiatry it is always wise to speak of "treatment" rather than "cure."

Dr. Menninger also objects to the blurb, with which I had nothing to do, reading, "Eight million Americans are mentally ill. There's hope for them in this." In his opinion, this stirs false hopes. However, I think he may be splitting hairs on (Continued on page 12)

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WRITE BETTER LETTERS: Can you put your ideas across "on paper"? This section of the Handbook covers: a plan to improve letters; compiling a correspondence manual; letter-appraisal chart; tone and spirit of the letter; how to answer an inquiry; letters refusing requests; letters to revive inactive accounts; letters that build goodwill; how to answer complaints; legal aspects of business letters; mechanics of the letter; special forms of address; dictionary of correct usage.

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MANAGING SALESMEN: If you are ever required to build and manage a sales force, turn to the Handbook for useful facts on: determining sales territories; sales quotas; recruiting and selecting salesmen; equipping, training and compensating salesmen.

SALES CONTRACTS AND FORMS: Essentials of a contract; when a sales contract must be in writing; forms of contracts for sale of merchandise; conditional sales contracts; lease agreement; miscellaneous clauses in sales contracts; contracts appointing agents for

sale of merchandise; miscellaneous clauses in agency agreements; contracts employing salesmen; special provisions in salesmen's contracts; foreign trade definitions.

HINTS ON BUYING MERCHANDISE: Buying the right thing; how to standardize specifications; buying the right amount at the right place, at the right time, at the right price; procedure for handling and analyzing bids; requisitions and purchase orders; receiving and inspecting incoming goods; checking invoices; stores and inventory control.

HOW TO MANAGE AN OFFICE: Do the little details of office routine "throw" you? Here is a commonsense road-map to follow when you need help on: planning and maintaining the office for efficiency; equipment, files and appliances; making office procedure function smoothly; economies in the use and printing of forms; hiring and training new employees.

HOW TO CHECK CREDITS AND INCREASE COLLECTIONS: Sources of credit information; Dun & Bradstreet reports; special agency reports; credit interchange; salesmen, attorneys and banks as credit reporters; law relating to checks, notes, drafts or bills of exchange; how to write letters granting or refusing credit; how to write collection letters; collection reminders; form collection letters.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THOSE WHO OWE YOU MONEY: Collection of a claim by suit on the unpaid obligation; out-of-court agreements; assignment for benefit of creditors; equity receiverships; voluntary or involuntary petition in bankruptcy; corporate reorganizations; wage earners' plans.

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BUSINESS INSURANCE: How to reduce the cost of ample insurance protection; law governing insurance policies; types of policies; fire, burglary, theft, robbery insurance; fidelity and surety bonds; credit insurance; miscellaneous coverages; business insurance; group insurance.

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CORPORATE MEETINGS, MINUTES AND RESOLUTIONS: Preparations for meetings; stockholders' meetings; directors' meetings and committee meetings; how to keep minutes of meetings; parliamentary procedure.

PARTNERSHIPS: What a partnership agreement should contain: division of profits and losses among partners; liability of a secret partner; power of a partner to borrow money, collect debts, employ assistants, purchase and sell property; liability of an incoming partner; changing to a corporation.

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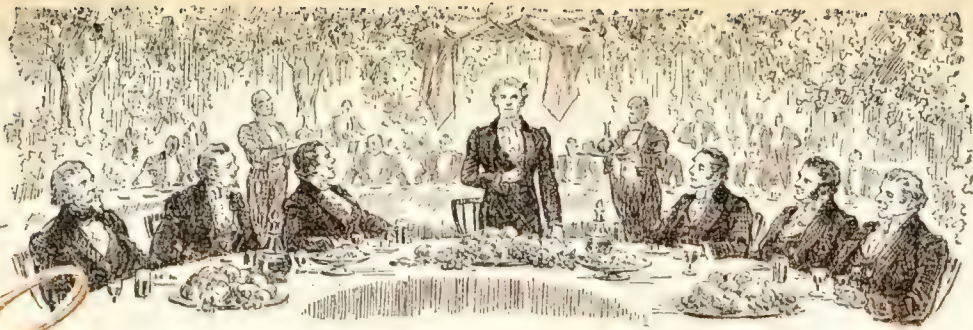
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Gen. Lafayette

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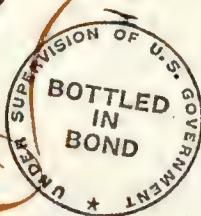


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Bottled-in-Bond



Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp., New York

★ **VOX POP** ★

(Continued from page 10)
that one, for there's hope in the development of any new and successful treatment method.—Howard Whitman.

Kick with Smile

ROCK FALLS, ILL.—My attention has been directed to a color picture reproduction appearing in your July 19 issue entitled: White Christmas, by Gerald Marfleet, Rock Falls, Illinois.

I did not make or submit said picture. I am not an amateur photographer. And my reputation is good enough to take the wisecracks that I have been getting about returning to the beginners' class.—Gerald J. Marfleet, Cinematographer.

Liberty is sorry that Mr. Marfleet has had to take some kidding over his professional status, and sorry that the picture in question wasn't correctly credited to J. Harold Puerner of Jefferson, Wisconsin.—Vox Pop Editor.

Sam'll Cut a Melon

PINEY FLATS, TENN.—I see in the August 2 issue, without my bifocals, that Liberty is to become a monthly. I aim to be at the newsstand August 15 with pocket knife in hand, if neces-



sary, to cut the string on the bundle. Will the new Liberty be four times as good? Will Vox Pop be four times as long? Will the short short stories be four times as long? All for tain cents?—Sam Hughes.

The Cpl. Should Know

WIESBADEN, GERMANY—That short story, The Acid Test, in your August 2 issue, says: "We left him the Opel for transportation, the Opel being the German Ford, if you remember."

The Opel is a General Motors product, and not a Ford.—Cpl. Harold O. Moen.

WING ALONG . . .



*Y*OUR CAR seems to be air-borne . . . when you drive with Texaco Sky Chief gasoline. You'll thrill to Sky Chief's luxurious smoothness. You'll appreciate its split-second response . . . its fast starts . . . its mighty surge of power, *there* whenever you need it. With Sky Chief, you TRAVEL FIRST CLASS. It is for those who want the best.



TEXACO

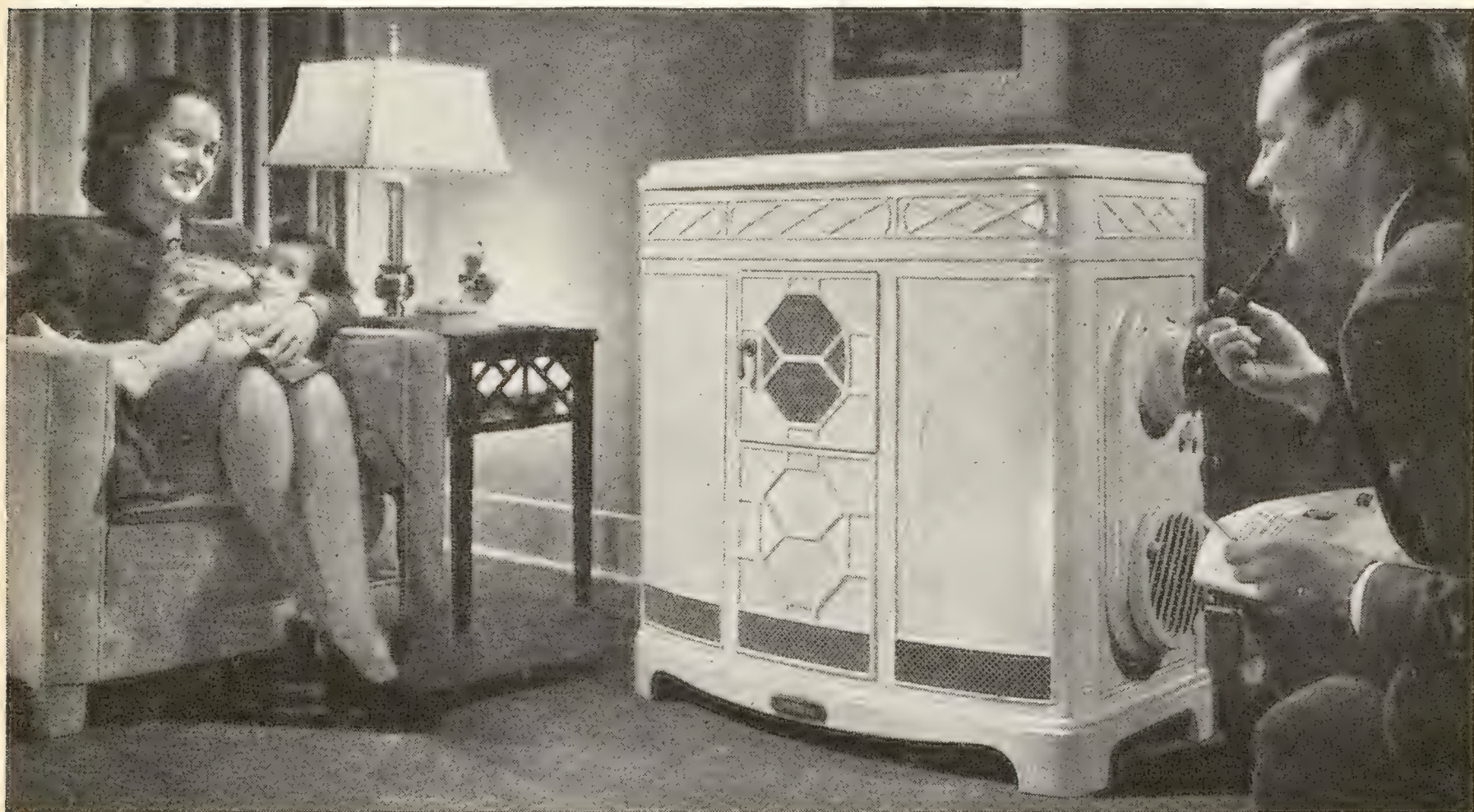
***Sky Chief* GASOLINE**

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES



TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theater presents the Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

No work, No dirt when you heat your home *with this Beautiful New Heater!*



TRULY BEAUTIFUL—that's what Duo-Therm's smart period "furniture-styling" is! Wait till you see the Chippendale (above) and Hepplewhite models—years ahead of their time!

And the freedom from work, freedom from dirt, that you'll enjoy with one of these good-looking fuel oil heaters keeping you warm will be a constant joy to you and your family.

No more dirty coal to shovel! No more heavy, messy ashes to haul out! When you heat your home with Duo-Therm, you

—tend the fire by turning a dial!

Yes, Duo-Therm does *all* the work.

Once you've started it (simply light a match on the first day you want heat!) you've nothing else to do but turn the dial *up* to get *more* heat; turn the dial *down* at night or in milder weather.

Duo-Therm turns cheap fuel oil into

comforting waves of clean, safe, silent heat at *amazingly low cost*—for Duo-Therm's Dual Chamber Burner—gets **more heat from every drop of oil!**

It's an engineering "miracle"—this exclusive burner. So is Duo-Therm's patented Power-Air Blower, which *forces out* warm air and keeps it *moving* through the house. Moving *evenly* from floor to ceiling. Moving into *corners* that were never warm before!

Power-Air saves you money, too—cuts fuel bills as much as 25%—because power-driven heat means *lower cost* as well as greater comfort.

Wonderful comfort and savings! Patented Dual Chamber Burner and Power-Air are but two of many Duo-Therm exclusives that contribute to them. Coordinated Controls and Special Waste Stopper are among the others.

So why not have a beautiful new

Duo-Therm in *your* living room? Any model you choose will

—add new beauty to your home!

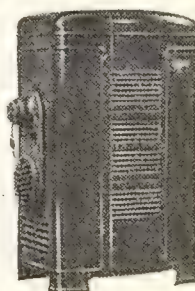
And there are many models to choose from—many sizes—in a wide price range!

The smart Radiant Circulator, for instance—the Thrift or the Royal Model (below) or one of the "period" furniture models (above). Get the one that suits your taste, your purse, your heating requirements.

And rest assured that whatever your choice, you'll get compliments a-plenty on how well your Duo-Therm *looks!*

Send the coupon!

Get set for a workless, dirtless winter *now* by getting the whole Duo-Therm story.



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I would like to know more about ☐ Duo-Therm Fuel Oil Space Heaters. ☐ Duo-Therm Automatic Fuel Oil Water Heaters. (Check one or both.) PLEASE PRINT.

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★ JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ★

RICHARD STERN, author of the diverting story *Pint of Fury* (page 20), describes his exploits to date in these characteristic words:

"Born in Fresno, California, March 17, 1915. (Birth certificate says, with quiet pride, 'Male, legitimate.') Schools in California. Heaven only knows how many of them. Eventually Harvard College, from which I ran away after three years. Worked for Hearst in radio, newspaper, and magazine advertising in New York and Texas. Hospitalized in New York for a spine operation in May, 1937. Discharged and shipped out to Los Angeles in time to be married in December, same year. Married ever since; no progeny. San Francisco, peddling World's Fair exhibits. San Joaquin Valley, driving and swamping on a truck and running a dehydrator crew making dried apricots, peaches, and raisins. One winter in the mountains near Los Angeles, skiing and writing as bad a novel as was ever rejected. More dried fruit. Some months in Carmel, writing short stories that did not sell. San Diego for a time as member of Laborers and Hod Carriers Local 87, doing the laboring and staying as far away as possible from the hod carrying. Lockheed Aircraft from November 1940 to 1945. Free-lancing ever since from Los Angeles, Balboa, New York, and now Haiti. Stories in: *Post*, *Collier's*, *McCall's*, *Liberty*, *This Week*, and a couple of anthologies."

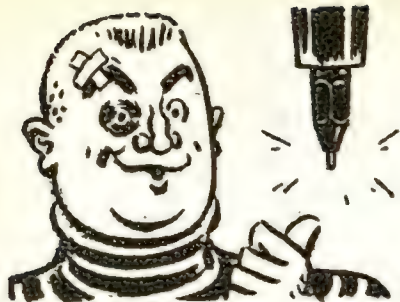
THE big December *Liberty* features a condensation of Russell Janney's *The Miracle of the Bells*, one of the great best sellers and soon to be made into a movie. There's lots more, big-time fiction, articles, and features, all adding up to a *Liberty* worth waiting for—until November 15, when it goes on newsstands.—D. B.



Are YOU a **MITTY?**

CAN you, like **Danny Kaye**, daydream yourself as a daring ace? Can you become seven different personalities in your daydreams? Does the girl of your daydreams ever come true, like **Virginia Mayo**? How would you like to be frightened by **Boris Karloff**, hen-pecked by **Fay Bainter**, pursued by **Ann Rutherford**, and adored by the gorgeous **Goldwyn Girls**? You, too, can be a Mitty if you try! **Samuel Goldwyn**, who gave you "The Best Years Of Our Lives," now gives you *the best time of your life* in "**The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty**," photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod and sparkling with lilting, matchless music.

Entertainment in the Goldwyn manner



2 toughies

Rough rider with a pen? Ham-handed, have trouble with the nib bending, scratching, running dry? You'll be happier with an Inkograph!

It's one-piece, rounded cylindrical point of extra hard 14kt. gold that doesn't give under pressure, works like a pencil . . . writes smoothly with any hand, any style, on any kind of paper . . . stands lots of abuse, lasts for years . . . Useful, too, for ruling lines, making carbon copies . . . Make Inkograph your next pen! . . . In five rich colors and black. At good stores everywhere. With the old low price . . .

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★ WASHINGTON ★

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

MORE BREWSTER-HUGHES CLASHES COMING

LAST has not been heard of those bitter charges Senator Owen Brewster and Howard Hughes hurled at each other over Pan American Airways. They will be hashed all over again when the Senate reconvenes.

Plans are secretly under way for a sweeping probe of Pan Am and its alleged high-powered Washington lobby.

"Cold" Oil • If you are an oil-burner user, you may do some shivering this winter. The outlook is definitely for a serious fuel-oil shortage. This is why:

While there is plenty of crude oil underground, there is a very critical shortage of refineries, pipe lines, tank cars and tank ships, and storage facilities.

Privately, the only solution oil men see is some form of rationing.

First Lady • If bachelor Speaker of the House Joe Martin became President, under the new succession act, the First Lady of the Land would be his 84-year-old mother, Mrs. Katon Martin.

Of Irish descent, Mrs. Martin was a slip of a girl when she married Joe's father, a Massachusetts village blacksmith. There were seven children, five boys and two girls. Joe was the oldest son.

Lucky Forward • Captain George S. Patton III, son of the late illustrious Third Army commander, has adopted his father's famed battle code name, "Lucky Forward," as his motto. The youthful West Pointer has become a paratrooper because he considers this branch the most adventurous of the service.

Around the Circuit • This year's Congressional investigations will cost taxpayers \$1,000,000. . . . Forty-two out of every 100 federal jobs are now held by veterans, compared to 15 just two years ago. . . . On the basis of lobbyist registrations with Congress, more than \$5,000,000 is being spent annually in Washington for that purpose. . . . So far, 18 states have ratified the Constitutional amendment limiting Presidential tenure to two terms. Thirty-six are necessary to make the amendment law.

Who's Paying? • Big mystery baffling Washington is the sudden rash of costly realty purchases by impoverished governments, and who is really paying the bill.

Iran, seeking a \$50,000,000 loan from us, paid \$75,000 for the ornate residence of the late Alanson B. Houghton, one-time U. S. Ambassador to Britain. Poland, also with a gimme hand out, plunked down \$90,000 for another magnificent mansion. France, already possessor of three historic residences, recently purchased the ornate Keith Merrill home on Belmont Road for a chancellery. And the Dutch, who snagged \$195,000,000 from us, purchased a handsome estate on fashionable S Street for a reputed \$80,000.

All of this real estate is tax free.

Record Yield • Farmer income this year will run close to \$30,000,000,000—greatest in all history in any country. Last year's \$25,000,000,000 was a record setter, but this year will go well above that. Significance of these immense totals is graphically portrayed by their contrast to farm income in 1932 and 1940. In the former year, the total was \$5,000,000,000, and in the latter \$8,000,000,000.

PM

DE LUXE



For **P**leasant **M**oments



*PM used to be a time of day.
But now, to millions of people,
it means "Pleasant Moments" . . .
the superlatively smooth, mellow whiskey
that's always the Perfect Mixer,
the flavor that favors all Promising Moods!
Those two little letters have made
a big name for themselves . . .
PM, Prime Minister to discriminating tastes!*

IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING!

National Distillers Products Corp., N.Y., N.Y. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirit

There are three **E**s in telephone

One is for **E**verybody

One is for **E**verywhere

One is for **E**fficiency



TELEPHONE SERVICE is for everybody, everywhere. And the thing that makes you like it and want to use it is efficiency — with courtesy.

It's the tone of voice, the warmth and friendship, the helpfulness which you have come to expect of telephone people.

The Operator reflects it when she puts through your call promptly and courteously. The girl in the Business Office shows it when she goes out of her way to take care of your needs. The Installer practices it when he brings willingness and good nature, as well as a telephone, to your home.

It all adds up to pleasing service for you — from many thousands of telephone people, all along the line.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Liberty

THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

No American woman dare miss this shocking article.

giving the frank, scientific reasons why some

Yanks preferred Frauleins to the girls back home

WHAT GERMAN GIRLS

SEE IN AMERICAN MEN

BY LEWIS F. GITTLER

Liberty's European Correspondent

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Berlin

AN impish German girl, looking with envy across the Atlantic, once suggested: "Just transfer the entire German female population under 30 to America, where they will really appreciate American men, and let the American women come over here to have a taste of being ordered about and dominated by the German men."

The reaction of an American in Germany toward the German girl amounts to a sort of revolt against the way his qualities are taken for granted by Amer-

(Continued on page-72)

BY RICHARD STERN

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

THERE was a moving van in front of the apartment house, and from it a steady stream of little men carrying household impedimenta flowed across the sidewalk and under the stairs and into the basement apartment. Jake stopped to watch.

The last of the little men disappeared and the cavernous maw of the van was open and inviting. Jake stuck his head inside. His eye caught a gleam in the corner and he ambled up the ramp and into the van and hunkered down on the floor to investigate.

It was a photographic enlarger, a vast, shiny, expensive enlarger. And around it, neatly stuffed into cardboard cartons, were pans and bottles and jars, and from the open top of one carton protruded the corner of a large album. Jake set down his briefcase.

He had the large album out of the carton and was looking through it carefully, page by page, when the little men returned from the basement apartment. At their head strode a small determined-looking girl in blue jeans and an old sweater. Her dark hair was covered with a bandanna and her hands were grubby. She looked at Jake. "All right," she said, "you've had your look. Now get out of the way." Her voice, Jake thought in some astonishment, was unfriendly, even angry.

He closed the album with care and nodded to the girl. "These aren't bad," he said. "Some of them are even pretty good, you know." He pointed at the name embossed on the cover. "Who is Peter Kent? And where is he?"

The small girl expanded. Her lips were pressed tightly together. "I thought I had seen obnoxious nosiness—" she began.

Jake shook his head. "Curiosity," he said. "Friendly curiosity. I like to know things." He looked down at the album cover again. "Peter Kent," he said, thoughtfully. "It's too short; there ought to be another name, something to finish it off. Like—"

The girl came up the ramp in one angry rush. She snatched the album from Jake's hands. "Will you get out!"

Jake picked up his briefcase and said chidingly, "You have a nasty temper. I predict dire things for you unless you learn to control it."

"Get out!" said the girl.

Jake lifted his big hands and let them fall. "Anyway," he said, "they're good pictures, some of them. You can tell Peter Kent, whose name is too short, that I said so." He ambled slowly out of the van. On the sidewalk he paused and looked back at the girl. "We're neighbors," he said amiably. "Probably we'll meet again." He went up the front steps, taking them two at a time without haste.

Jake climbed the five flights of stairs without pause. He pondered on the basic unfriendliness of certain humans. He let himself into the studio and closed the door and Albert wound around his ankles, chirruping vigorously. Albert, like his master, was long and lean. His tail was a thing of attenuated beauty, and his whiskers, which he kept carefully curled away from his face, were fountains of white magnificence. He chirruped without pause, boasting at length.

"So," said Jake. "It's been a good day, has it?" He put down his briefcase and stretched a long arm to rub Albert's furry chin. Albert trotted across the studio and into the bedroom, and Jake followed. Albert hopped up onto the bed. He sat down and looked at Jake with pride. Jake said, "So you got another one? And in the daytime, too." Albert chirruped and eyed the dressmaker's tape measure that lay at his feet. Then he looked back at Jake's face.

"That makes five," said Jake. (Continued on page 76)



When a cat has the habit of
stealing intimate feminine apparel,
there's trouble for master—
nice trouble

PINT OF FURY



Miss Starling.

Her emotional detonator went off with a roar, scattering pieces of her temper around the room.



GULSER



Albert.

THE TRUTH ABOUT DEWEY

He doesn't draw to an inside straight, and that explains much about the G.O.P.'s strongest candidate

BY ALDEN HATCH

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

OF all the gentlemen who yearn to be President of the United States, the shrewdest politician is Governor Thomas Edmund Dewey of New York. This statement is not intended as a slur. Given good will and high ideals, the expert technician is bound to do a better job of governing than an amateur.

Governor Dewey never does anything less than well. He has an absolute genius for organization, and he leaves nothing to chance. A more important political attribute is his ability to inspire devoted loyalty. Still another asset is the Governor's ability to keep his mouth shut.

Dewey's significant silences have given him a rather sphinxlike reputation. Many people simply cannot understand him. Part of the difficulty is geographical. With his well-tailored clothes, his sophisticated manner, and his cultivated voice, he

seems to be a typical New Yorker.

But to understand the Governor it is necessary to take a look back at the little town of Owosso, Michigan, where in the early 1900s a man could live well on \$1,800 a year, which Dewey's father did. Tom Dewey was born in an apartment over the general store owned by his maternal grandfather, Alfred Thomas. In a sense, he was born to politics, for his other grandfather, George Martin Dewey, was a founder of the Republican Party and the owner of two country newspapers. George Martin, Jr., Tom's father, edited one of the family papers, the Owosso Times.

Tom Dewey's dominant characteristics showed up early. "Honesty is the best policy" was the boy's guiding maxim. Eventually it became his trade-mark. Never has a politician been so aggressively incorruptible, or advertised the fact so well. The Dewey drive also appeared early. When he was 11, he got a job

selling subscriptions to a magazine, and by the time he was 13 he had nine or ten boys working for him.

At 15, Dewey was too young to fight in World War I. So he took a summer job as a farm laborer, working from 5 A.M. until 8 P.M. He didn't like it, but he thus learned the farmer's problems by direct contact with the cussedness of cows, the wickedness of weeds, and the painful impact of the iron seat of a bumping reaper.

In the fall of 1919, Dewey entered the University of Michigan with \$800 he had saved. His grades were good but not gaudy. More important, he discovered that he had a spectacular baritone voice. Under the tutelage of William Wheeler, head of the music department, Dewey's singing won him first prize in the Michigan State contest and brought him a scholarship at the Chicago Musical College. There, the first girl he met, and the only one he could

A handsome family like Governor Dewey's is a political asset to any man with an eye on the White House. Mr. and Mrs. Dewey with sons John (left) and Thomas,





Next to being President of the United States, the job of Governor of the State of New York is ranked by most as being second in importance.

see, was Frances Eileen Hutt of Texas and Oklahoma, who was paying for her singing lessons by acting as Percy Rector Steven's secretary. The fact that she was returning to New York in the fall had a good deal to do with Dewey's decision to study law at Columbia University.

Dewey had taken law in his senior year at Michigan; though singing held far greater attractions, he wanted an alternate career. During his first years in New York it was a toss-up whether he would decide for the courtroom or the stage. However, he was quite sure that he wanted to marry Frances Hutt, whose sweet voice and silvery blonde beauty had won for her a singing role in George White's Scandals.

Dewey's final decision for jurisprudence was characteristic. He got a sore throat before an important concert and his mind promptly rejected a career that would be at the mercy of a microbe.

The next few years saw him pushing upward through the crowd of aspiring young lawyers that clogged the courtrooms of New York. In June, 1928, when Dewey's salary was raised to \$3,000 a year, he married his Frances. Among their best friends were the Elliott Bells. Young Bell was a financial reporter for the

Times, and full of ideas and enthusiasm.

Another friend, Sewell T. Tyng, lured Dewey into the fold of the Young Republican Club, and set him to work ringing doorbells and exhorting housewives. The opposing Tammany braves were professionals, and, like many a successful general, Dewey got his education from the enemy.

Meanwhile Dewey was going up. In 1930 he earned \$8,000 as an associate of the law firm of McNamara & Seymour. In December of that year, Destiny took him by the hand.

George Z. Medalie was engaged by the firm to try an important case, and Dewey went to see Medalie. Their meeting lasted from ten o'clock one morning until two the next. Medalie, dizzy with fatigue, recognized that he had encountered a young phenomenon. A few months later, Medalie was made U. S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York. He offered Dewey the post of Chief Assistant U. S. Attorney.

Tom Dewey was only 29. The offer was both a unique honor and a terrific challenge. It was also a crossroads abruptly reached with no advance warning. It meant giving up a lucrative income and a secure position. Frances was willing.

Dewey accepted the challenge.

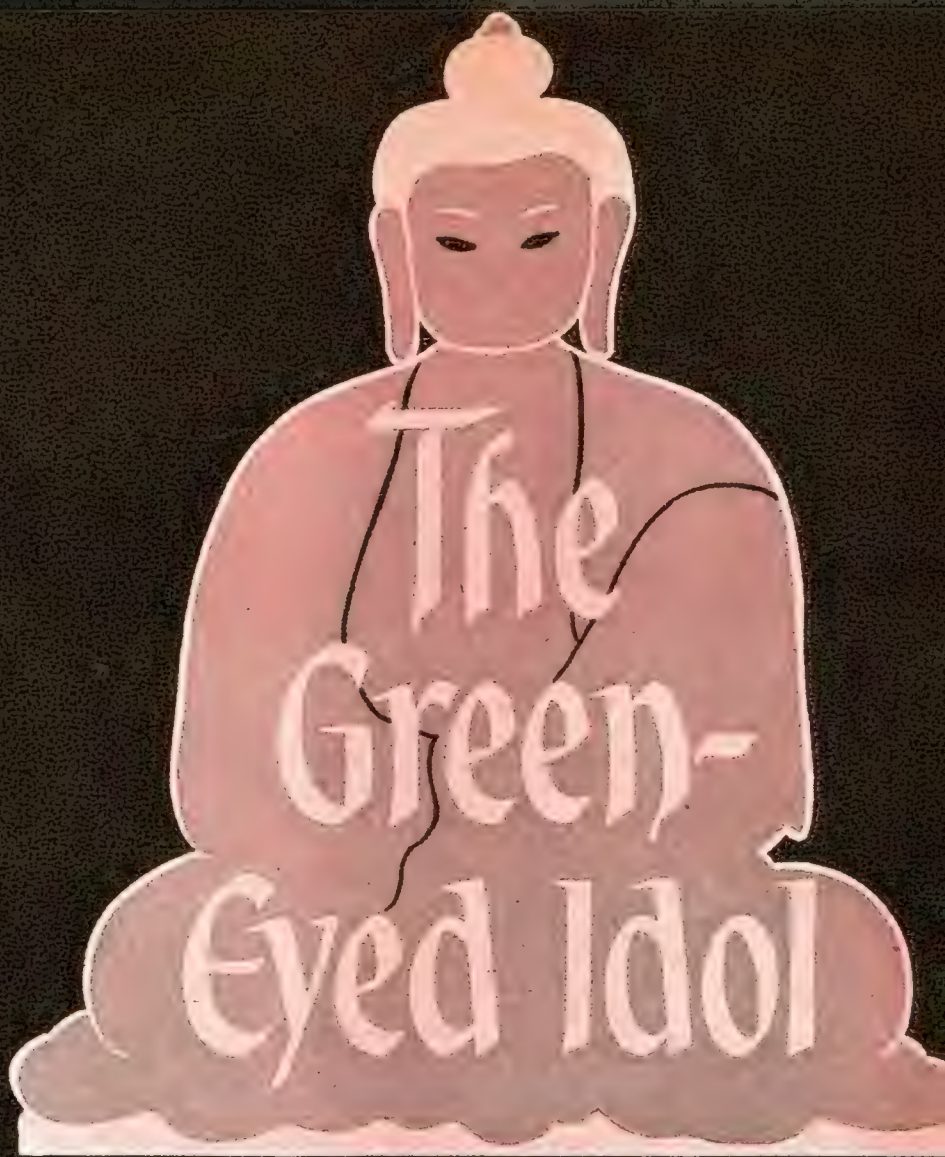
To Tom Dewey, the condition of organized anarchy into which the era of bootlegging, gangsters, and rackets had thrown New York was intolerable. His war upon crime was to him a holy war, conducted in a spirit of passionate righteousness.

Under the over-all guidance of Medalie, Dewey's aggressive campaign brought quick results. He set a record for convictions.

In 1933, Medalie resigned and Dewey opened his own law office. Clients came flocking and he made a great deal of money. So did the relieved racketeers. Then in 1935, Governor Herbert H. Lehman appointed Dewey special prosecutor to supplement the efforts of New York's District Attorney, William C. Dodge. Yielding to the inevitable, Dodge gave Dewey a clear field as special rackets prosecutor.

This was Dewey's dream chance. He demanded and got his own set-up—the fourteenth floor of the Woolworth Building and a staff of 20 assistants recruited from the most brilliant young lawyers in the city. At his word they followed him, leaving good salaries and secure jobs. They were the original "Dewey men."

As prosecuting attorney, Dewey was not a sympathetic figure. His
(Continued on page 56)



The Green-Eyed Idol

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SYNOPSIS

WHEN Charley Davis was away at war, John Warwick, wealthy tea planter, had stolen Dorothy from him. So when he learned that Warwick was smuggling opium into India by way of Bhutan, it was an added incentive to bring him to justice. There was also the fact that Charley himself had become an unhappy lover of the Black Smoke.

The Department of Criminal Investigation sent Chatterji to help Charley. The two concocted a story of a Bhutanese idol with priceless emerald eyes.

Chatterji told Warwick the story. Warwick suggested that Charley steal the emeralds, keeping one for himself, Warwick to have the other. His excuse for asking him was that Charley knew Bhutan and was trusted by the natives.

When Charley arrived at Diwingari, he was met by Warwick and Dorothy. The warmth of her welcoming kiss awakened the old love, but he felt a thrill of fear, noting the gleam in Warwick's eyes. Another warm welcome was from Judy Millroy, beautiful, gallant half caste.

One morning Charley searched an old dak bungalow, thinking it might hide the smuggled chandoo. Warwick burst in, and Charley felt the man had expected to find Dorothy there, too.

As Wang drew the dagger, he sprang forward. The Bengali whirled with a speed foreign to his unusual sloth, a blue-steel revolver blazing away.

Aware at last of the diabolical trap set for him, Charley starts off on the hunt—

knowing that the price for the treasure may be his life

PART THREE

CHARLEY'S mind was turning over fast. Warwick had not found Dorothy here, but why had he expected to? Did he believe she was still in love with her former sweetheart?

By now Warwick had heard about Charley's conflict with a rogue elephant and last night's feast in his honor. The Black Smoke had not yet smothered his power as a hunter, and the name of Davis remained an honored one among the people.

Now he and his host had come out of the dank building, strolling toward the house, chatting pleasantly. The crew of pluckers working near by had consisted of seven natives when Charley had entered the dak bungalow. He had counted them without knowing it, as deer in a herd. Now there were eight, the newcomer, the barefaced Punjabi in Nepalese dress called Newar. What had he seen that had caused his employer to follow Charley into the dak bungalow?

Charley's eyes wheeled slowly. There was something missing in the picture, but now it had been filled in. Dorothy was no longer in her flower beds but was taking a walk along a near-by hedge. She must have rambled very near the door.

"Why, there's Dorothy!" Warwick exclaimed. "I don't want her to know about our business."

"Hell, I won't mention it to her."

"When you start after the jewels tomorrow—Didn't you say you'd be ready to go by then?"

Charley had not said so. "It doesn't take much getting ready. It's got to look like an ordinary tiger hunt. I can leave tomorrow."

"There mustn't be any slip. Sooner or later someone else will go after them. I want one for Dorothy—a jewel I couldn't possibly buy with any amount of money. The other will give you a new lease on life."

"There won't be any slip."

"The reason I cautioned you about Dorothy—I was afraid in chatting with her you might make her suspicious of your visit here. I have some business in Ranguya—won't be back till dark—and you two will have to amuse yourselves all day."

Warwick's decision to go to Ranguya had just this moment been

reached. Charley thought of the mad elephant, suddenly turning from its path to wait downwind.

Yet it was not nearly so simple as that. Charley found it hard to believe that Warwick would either post spies today or appear unexpectedly. Still, it could not be a move to lower Charley's guard against some future surprise—tomorrow he was leaving for Bhutan! Something that Warwick wanted to happen this morning had not happened, because of his too-hasty action. Did he mean for it to happen today—in his absence? What was that something? There was an unpleasant creeping sensation along Charley's scalp.

One thing was certain—in plotting Warwick's destruction, he was being plotted against in deadly stealth.

Warwick made a point of going straight to the garage for one of his cars, waving a cheerful good-by and driving off. Charley watched a little cloud of dust on the road to Ranguya dim and disappear.

He was on the terrace pretending to read when Dorothy returned from her walk.

"Where'd John go in such a hurry?" she asked in an idle tone.

"To Ranguya on business. He said he wouldn't be back till after dark."

She did not move an eyelash. "What are you going to do today?"

"Will you go riding with me?" he asked. On the first day of his arrival Warwick had suggested that his guest and his wife ride together.

"Yes. Wait till I change."

That would take them out of sight of spies, Charley reflected as he waited—but Warwick knew that. Was it exactly what he expected and desired?

They cantered up the road ahead, and then Dorothy turned off into a secluded footpath along the river. A

grove so pretty and green that it tempted her to dismount. Charley took her in his arms and for a moment satisfied her clinging lips.

It was an ecstatic kind of love they had for each other, and Charley yearned to give it rein. Why not, when they had gone this far? Yet some instinct that he could not rationalize had begun to thwart him.

"Listen, Dorothy. Those natives saw us ride in here, and they probably know you by sight." But that was not the cause of his restraint.

"I suppose that's important." She steadied herself and smiled. "I don't think they'd tell him—John is not very well liked by natives—but they might."

"I'm afraid of him, for both our sakes. We'd better go."

"I don't blame you. He's up to something—not very nice." She turned quickly, untied her horse, and mounted. "After all, we can meet again—provided you stay alive."

AS he and Dorothy turned into the driveway, a native in sports shirt and shorts, his feet apparently aching in once-yellow brogues, trudged ahead of them. Charley
(Continued on page 61)

He remembered the way she looked in native dress, crouching by the door.



KANE

GIRL TO WATCH

That's Barbara Bel Geddes, who has managed

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE LONG NIGHT, grim, sullen, and extremely well acted, is notable chiefly because it marks the movie debut of Barbara Bel Geddes. The 25-year-old Broadway actress is far above the 1947 crop of screen newcomers. As Henry Fonda's girl friend in *The Long Night* she will not win any Academy Awards. And as Irene Dunne's eldest daughter she is bound to be overshadowed in *I Remember Mama*. But once she gets rolling, the blonde daughter of Norman Bel Geddes will probably prove as greedy an Oscar grabber as Bette Davis.

Barbara was appearing in the 1946 Broadway hit play, *Deep Are the Roots* when RKO signed her: \$50,000 a picture, star billing, and the privilege of doing a New York play when she likes.

It's as right as rain that the

daughter of theater production designer Norman Bel Geddes should be an actress. As a child, her father's artistic creations brought her in close touch with the stage and its world. As far back as she can remember she has wanted to act.

She was born in New York City, October 31, 1922, the second daughter of the artistic Bel Geddes. Some years ago, when Norman Geddes and his wife were struggling young artists and publishers, they founded a magazine and selected for its title the first half of Mrs. Geddes' first name, Belle, and hyphenated it with Norman Geddes' last name, making the title Bel-Geddes Magazine. The name stuck and the family became known as Bel-Geddes, later dropping the hyphen.

Barbara was sent to one progressive school after another. She did not wow them. "I hated school," she says, "all except the drama classes."

Her mother died when Barbara was 16. While she was attending the fashionable Andrebrook School at Tarrytown, New York, actor-producer Alexander Kirkland offered her a role in *Out of the Frying Pan*. The play ran six months.

In 1941 she joined the Junior Miss company in the role of Judy, and played USO camps. Returning to New York, she went into the cast of *Little Darling*, which lasted a hot three weeks. In January, 1942, she began work in Al Woods' *Nine Girls*. That, too, was a quickie. She went to Newport, Rhode Island, and played Claudia in summer stock.

About that time Hunt Stromberg sent for her to come to Hollywood to test for Guest in *The House*. But Stromberg decided on Anne Baxter for his picture, and Barbara gloomily returned to Newport and *Yes, My Darling Daughter*. While with the Newport company she met, and

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

HOLLYWOOD REMBRANDT

Walt Disney

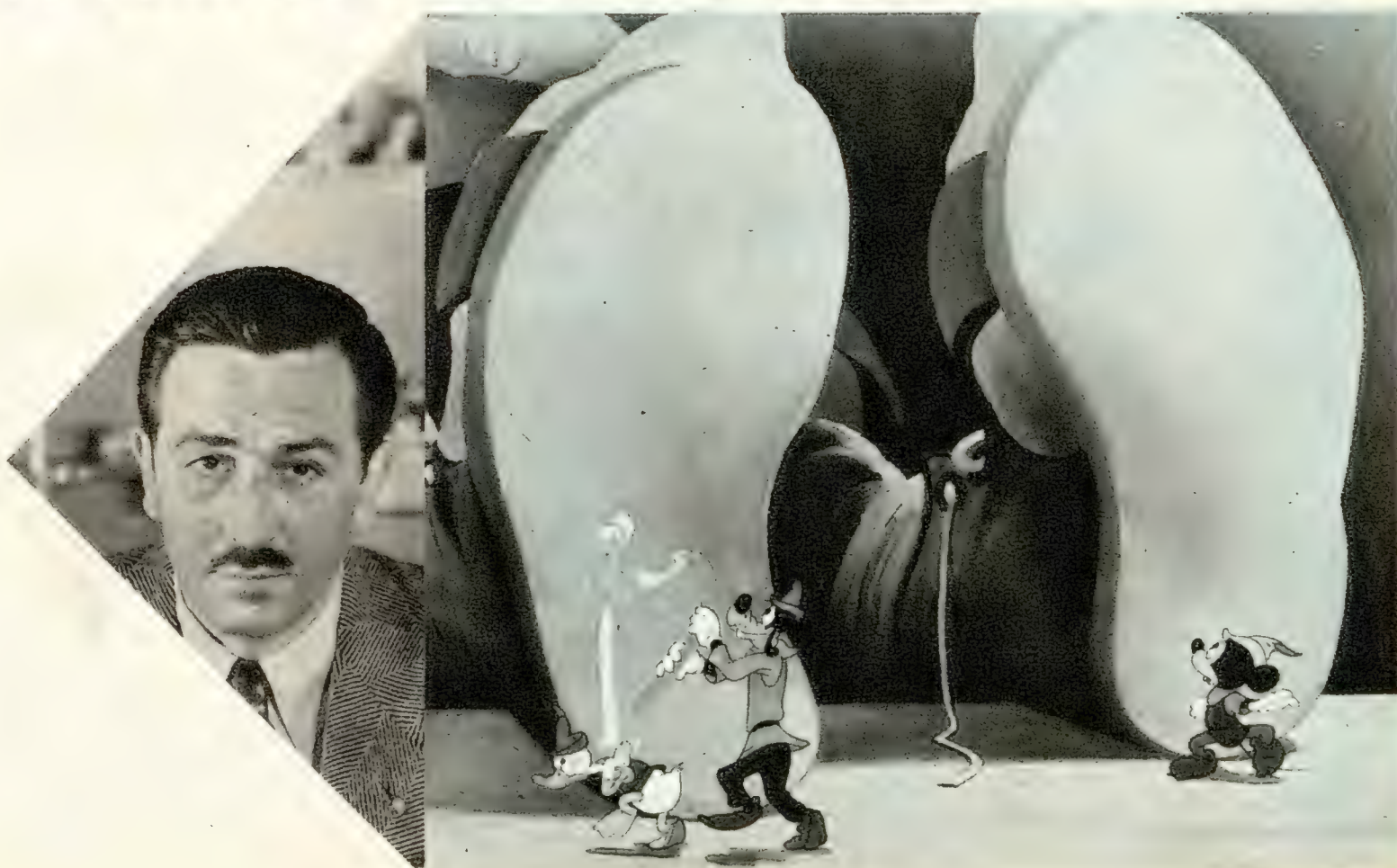
can now sing

It's a

Wonderful Day

and

mean it



combine Hollywood with acting

later married, a young electrical engineer, Carl Schreuer, who was working on naval construction for Uncle Sam. That was in 1944.

After her marriage Barbara went into the cast of *Mrs. January* and *Mr. X*, which play, like all her plays, had a limited run. On January 25, 1945, Susan was born, and Barbara decided that she would give up the stage and be a wife and mother unless something extraordinary fell into her lap. It did. The part of the young sister in the highly successful *Deep Are the Roots*, which ran from August, 1945, until June, 1946. At last she had a hit.

Barbara's friends claim that she would rather argue than eat (and she likes to eat, especially eggs Benedict and Caesar salad). Barbara gets indignant at this. "I don't argue," she says. "I merely stick up for my beliefs." That she does.

THE END



READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

WALT DISNEY is a happy man these days. For the first time in his 46 years he has money in the bank and a backlog of pictures.

Disney has ready for release *Fun and Fancy Free*, a feature-length Technicolor musical which cost \$2,000,000 and has 20-per-cent live action.

Bambi, his favorite, is due for a re-release next spring. In the fall of 1948 Disney will release *How Dear to My Heart*, a tale of the Dan Patch era in Indiana, which will carry 80-per-cent live action and feature Luana Patten, Bobby Driscoll, Beulah Bondi, and Burl Ives. Comes the spring of 1949 there'll be *Sing About Something*, which has Luana Patten, Bobby Driscoll, Roy Rogers, and such headliners as Ethel Smith, Frances Langford, Fred Waring, Freddy Martin, and Dennis Day. For the fall of that year he has scheduled a feature based on *Ichabod Crane*. And in the works are *The Little People*, *Cinderella*, and long-awaited *Alice in Wonderland*.

Twenty-seven years ago Disney hit upon the idea of combining live action and cartoons. He first used this gimmick in a short titled *Alice*

in *Cartoonland*. It was abandoned for acute financial reasons. He tried again with *The Three Caballeros*, released in 1945. Critics declared the new technique as revolutionary as that of sound and color.

Several years ago Leon Schlesinger and Max Fleischer, who make most of the animated cartoons in America, said, "We're business men. Walt Disney's an artist. With us, the idea with shorts is to hit 'em and run! Disney is more a Rembrandt."

No one in Hollywood has ever argued about that. Since 1932, Disney has received more than 15 awards from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. In 1941 he received the Irving Thalberg Award, the industry's highest.

Hollywood's Rembrandt was born in Chicago on December 5, 1901. The thing he liked to do best, as far back as he can remember, was drawing. In 1920 he went to work for a film slide company at \$35 a week, where he made animated advertising films.

Disney met Mickey Mouse in a studio Walt had set up in a garage. One mouse, bolder than the rest, used to crawl over his drawing board while he was working. At first Disney called him Mortimer, but that seemed too formal, so he changed it to Mickey.

With a group of cartoonists he organized a \$15,000 corporation in 1922 to produce modernized fairy tales. Seven of these were sold before the firm went into bankruptcy. In 1923 Disney arrived in Hollywood. Months later he received an unexpected order from an independent distributor in New York for a cartoon series based on Oswald the Rabbit. Oswald was quite a success until Walt, the perfectionist, started improvements. Then Disney, broke again, returned to Hollywood with ideas for cartoons about Mickey Mouse and his girl friend Minnie. New York wasn't much impressed at first. But the third Mickey Mouse brought fame, if not fortune.

As Mickey's popularity grew by leaps and bounds Disney branched out.

He invented Pluto and Donald Duck. He couldn't resist the vastly improved Technicolor. He hired experienced artists (Disney had long since given up doing his own drawing) and in 1940 built in the valley near Burbank one of the best-equipped studios in the world.

Disney is probably the only man who dips doughnuts in Scotch. Everyone calls him Walt. He likes it that way.

THE END

There's wisdom for grown-ups in this poignant story of a youngster

who had the courage to

BEGIN AGAIN



LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT STORY

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ONE by one and in little groups they all came to see him, the aunts and uncles and cousins and the friends of his mother and father.

Once in a while the kids he had played with came to see him, with a mother along who wouldn't let them get too close to the bed. Of course, all this was after the bad part was over, the hot part where things were all funny and disconnected and you couldn't tell whether it was early or late or even Sunday.

It wasn't hard, really. He had learned to smile politely when they said some of the silly things, and he had learned to thank them for the stuff they brought him. He heard Aunt Harriet in the hall outside his bedroom saying to his mother, "... such a shame for an active boy like Robert to be cooped up so long. I bet he's dying to get out there and run around with the kids. And I know how hard it is on you. ..."

She had walked out of earshot, giving him a chance to think of what she had said. Thinking was a different sort of thing when you were in bed. You could take a thought and sort of hold it up and look at the shape of it, slowly and carefully.

He didn't particularly miss running around. Every day he could hear the yelling when school let out. It didn't hurt to think about it. Every day was long, but not too long, when you learned how to make little things last. The best part of the day was when his father came home from the office.

When the hands of the clock on

the little table pointed to four, he began to think about it. He didn't let himself think about it before four. When the thought jumped into his head, he pushed it back down out of sight until after four. From four o'clock on, he thought of something to say to his father. It was always something funny. But, somehow, he never got to say it.

It was always the same. His father would tramp into the bedroom, huge and dark.

"How do you feel today, kid?" he would boom.

Robert would say, "Fine, dad," wishing his voice wasn't so small.

Then there was the usual joke, when his father said, "Gosh, I sure wish I could spend every day in a nice soft bed. You got it easy, kid." Then he would laugh and Robert would laugh, and after he had left the room, Robert would hear the distant rustle of the evening paper as his father opened it up in the living room. It was the best part of the day.

At last Dr. Hinkle told his mother that she could prop him up into a sitting position for an hour each day and he should have something to do, with his hands. For a week there were coloring books, clay, and puzzles that had to be fitted together or taken apart. Robert worked on them dutifully, but they weren't satisfying.

One night his father came home with a big board, wax paper, some glass cement, and two boxes of kitchen matches with the heads removed. He laid them proudly on the foot of the bed and boomed, "Know what that stuff is, kid?"

"No, dad."



"Once, when I was a sick kid, my old man fixed me up with the same layout. Here's what you're to do. You take the matches and the cement and build yourself a big fort on this board. Glue the matches right to the wood. Make buildings inside the fort and when you want windows and stuff, cut them out of the wax paper. Every night I'll inspect the progress of construction and on Sundays I'll help you for an hour. Then, when you're well, we'll take the whole works out in the back yard and be Indians setting fire to the fort. You ought to see one burn! Just like a real one. How do you like that?"

Robert couldn't find the words to tell how much he liked it. The next day, when he could sit up for an hour, his hands shook so with excitement that he couldn't get the matches started properly.

THE next day was better. He found that it was best to set in one match, and then shift to another part, giving the first part a chance to dry.

On Sunday he couldn't do much. Having his father sitting there working with him made his hands tremble again. He was awkward.

At the end of the second week they let him sit up for two hours, one hour on the edge of the bed with a blanket wrapped around his legs. The first time, he felt dizzy and light-headed. The floor looked miles away and the familiar room looked odd from this new angle. Meanwhile the buildings on the big board took shape. He decided on six of them, three on either side of the main street



BALL

down through the center of the fort. He begged a sharp knife and used it to cut the matches to the exact size he needed.

When the people came about the brace for his leg, four of the houses were done and he had started on the fifth. He was shy about his leg, it looked so awfully thin, like one of the matches, but they didn't seem to notice how thin it was. They made measurements and came back two days later and fitted the brace to the thin leg, telling his mother something about "Merely the problem of getting used to it."

When his father saw the shiny brace of metal and leather and padding, he got a funny tight expression around his nose and mouth, as though he were about to sneeze.

AS the buildings in the fort grew, Robert would stop and put his cheek down on the board and shut the higher eye. It was as though he were one of the people who lived inside the fort. The buildings were high above him. In that way he discovered that some of the doors were too big compared with the windows, and he changed them.

One day his mother stood in front of him as he sat on the edge of the bed. He didn't have the blanket wrapped around his legs. She held out her hands and he took them and she pulled him up to his feet. He swayed and would have fallen if it hadn't been for her hands. On the next day he stood a bit longer, and on the third day, with Dr. Hinkle there, he learned how to take a step with the brace on his leg. It was really very simple. It was just a case

of stepping off first with the leg which didn't have a brace. Then you lifted your hip so that it pulled the brace off the floor. It would swing by itself, out in front of you, and then you lowered your hip quickly so that the metal ends struck the floor and the brace stayed out in front of you. It hurt to step on it, but not too badly. Not badly at all.

By the first day of spring, the wall around the fort was finished, and with bits of copper wire for hinges Robert was building a gate that would swing. His father had tired of the meticulous work, and while he came in to watch him for a time each Sunday, he didn't help. Each time he would say, "Kid, that's going to burn like mad. We'll have us a time." Each time he said it, Robert felt a small inside contraction as though a big hand were closing around his stomach. But each time he smiled and agreed that it would make a dandy fire.

The first day of spring was also the first day that he could stay dressed all day and walk to any part of the house. He liked walking in on the rugs but not out on the kitchen linoleum. The brace made too much noise on the linoleum. He could almost stop thinking about it when he walked on the rugs.

He used brown water color on the matches and it wasn't right. He mixed black with it and it was exactly right. It made the six houses, the wall, the gate, the towers all look as though they were made of logs. He painted the surface of the big board a grass green. With your eyes almost shut, so that everything looked misty, it did look like grass.

His father came home at noon on a warm and sunny Saturday. He smiled down at the fort, rubbed his big hands together, and said, "Kid, it looks like today's the day. We'll have us a fire. I got some color film left and I'll use a portrait lens and we'll sell the pictures to the movies for a million dollars."

This time Robert didn't smile and agree. He opened his mouth and, to his intense surprise, a loud, shrill "No!" came out.

HE glanced up at his father and saw that his father's face had gone all smooth, as it always did when he was annoyed. "What's the matter, kid?"

"I—I don't want to burn it. I want to keep it," he said, dismayed at the sound of tears in his own voice.

His father turned to the door and said quietly, "Certainly, Robert. It's yours. Do anything you want."

Robert stood alone in the room, looking down at the fort. He brushed slowly at the houses with his hand, hearing the crackling noise as he swept them into jagged piles of discolored matches. He noticed that most of the matches were unbroken, that it was the glue which had parted, and suddenly he knew that he had to build again—not a fort but a great house, tall and strong and beautiful. He knew that when he had completed this house which was growing in his mind, no one in the world could bear to destroy it.

With his teeth clamped down tightly on his lower lip, he began to separate the whole matches from those which had been broken.

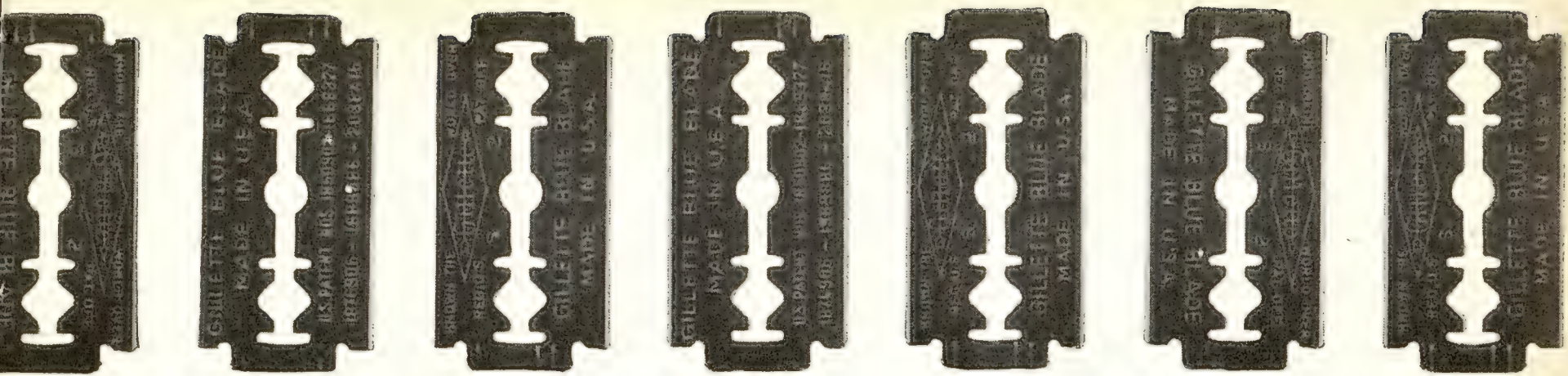
THE END



Big Shaver

Behind this year's Army-Navy game commercial, "Look sharp, feel sharp, be sharp," there is Joseph P. Spang, Jr., boss of a fabulous empire reaching into nearly every home





BY WILL CLONEY

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

WITH the Army-Navy football classic only about a month away, thousands of fans are worrying about getting tickets for the annual battle, but millions of others have already reserved a radio-side seat. They'll sit in as guests of the Gillette Safety Razor Company.

Gillette won the broadcasting prize in 1939 when it stepped up to pinch-hit one of the most lucrative home runs in advertising history. At that time the late Henry Ford had relinquished radio rights to the World Series.

Joseph P. Spang, Jr., who had been president of Gillette for less than six months, and his vice-president in charge of advertising, A. Craig Smith, hastened to the private baseball court of the late Judge Landis. They emerged with exclusive rights to broadcast the world's greatest sports show.

That first venture into the field of sports broadcasting was so successful that it formed the foundation for Gillette's fast-moving Cavalcade of Sport, which now pauses at such mass-appeal events as the World Series, the Kentucky Derby and most major stake races, the All-Star baseball game, the National Amateur and National Open golf tournaments, championship boxing matches, and all major football bowl games available for sponsorship.

Spaced strategically through these broadcasts is Gillette's catchy theme song: Look sharp—feel sharp—be sharp. No sweeter lyric ever warmed the stockholder's heart.

The proof is simple. Last year more men shaved with Gillette razors than with all other types combined; the company almost tripled its net income over 1945, and the 4,000 employees at Gillette's main plant in Boston were given two voluntary pay boosts.

Largely responsible for Gillette's phenomenally successful sales formula is the dynamic, 54-year-old Spang, although he zealously avoids personal publicity because the only name he wants remembered is "Gillette."

Spang was born with a silver razor in his hand, but he bought the blades himself. His father stretched a modest income to send him to Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1915. He helped finance

that education himself by working summers at the Merchant's Bank for E. V. R. Thayer, collecting \$5 weekly as a messenger. Mr. Thayer, recognizing in young Spang the budding personality of a salesman, advised him to turn his enthusiasm into channels not so firmly bound by tradition as a banking house.

"Why don't you try the meat-packing business?" suggested Thayer. "They operate on close margins and require quick thinking and young ideas."

Spang knew nothing about the meat-packing business, but he soon found out. Swift & Co., then a young and growing organization, took him at his word when he said that he would be willing to start at the bottom. After keeping him around the home office in Chicago for a month or two, they sent him off to Omaha.

He shucked his neat business suit and donned white overalls, jumper, and cap, and learned to wield a sharp knife. He was in the shaving business—shaving hogs—for \$15 a week.

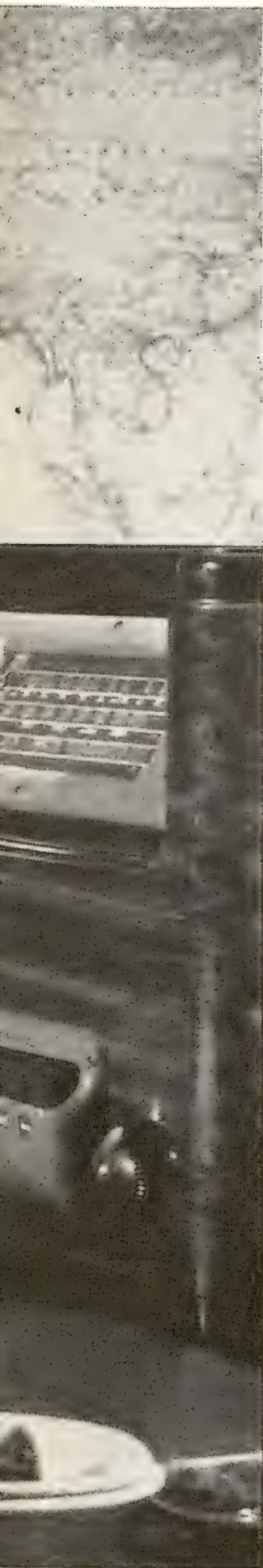
When he became fully acquainted with hogs, both inside and out, Spang became a hog buyer in the Omaha yards.

ALONG came the first World War. Spang volunteered for the balloon corps, and wound up as a second lieutenant. As soon as the war was over, he marched back to Swift's, although by his own admission he almost made a serious mistake—one that he has tried to keep veterans of World War II from making.

"I had two other jobs offered to me, both for more money than I was getting at Swift's," explains Spang. "Naturally I was anxious to make up for time lost in the service. But before I took the step, I asked the advice of Henry Nichols, a Swift executive.

"Don't be a fool," exploded Nichols. "You've done the dirty work at Swift's; now you should be starting on the way up. If you go with some other company, you'll have to do the dirty work all over again and lose the value of what you have learned."

The wisdom of Nichols' advice became apparent as Spang returned to Swift's and started his rapid advance through virtually every job in the fast-expanding organization. He held 13 posts in the next 15 years, including assignments as secretary and assistant to G. F. Swift, Charles Swift, and Harold Swift at one time or another.



In 1930 he succeeded Harold Swift as vice-president in charge of sales, a position that took him all over the United States, Canada, and Cuba.

He was so busy and successful in the position that he was completely unprepared when Gillette's board of directors approached him early in 1938. In the course of six subsequent months of deliberation, Spang made a typical move. He proof-tested every product made by Gillette.

"Up to that time I wasn't what you would call shaving-conscious," confessed Spang. "Then I tried every kind of blade I could find, tested razors and shaving creams, and concluded that Gillette really had something."

On October 4, 1938, Spang returned East to become executive vice-president and a member of the board at Gillette. In less than three months he was elected president of an international razor-blade company that today supplies virtually every point on the map from factories in Boston, Montreal, London, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Paris, Berlin, and Zurich.

Spang does not pretend he's a razor expert. "When our research men come up with a new product, we don't decide on its merits ourselves. Everything is consumer-tested before we make any changes."

Spang and Gillette went to war with the rest of American industry. "First we made confidential gadgets for the Navy, a little item for the mine program," says Spang. "Before that was finished, we started producing a fuel-control unit for the carburetors of military aircraft. Better than a third of all military planes were equipped with the device, which had 110 parts. We fabricated 88 of these parts right here in our own factory."

SPANG seldom boasts about Gillette, but he can't help being enthusiastic about the war efforts of his workers. "The first cost of making this unit was \$60," he says. "When we got into production, we kept cutting the price \$2 at a crack. Finally we shaved the price to \$48, a figure that no one else in the country could come close to matching."

Gillette won its "E" award, with two stars, for continued superiority in the manufacture of purely war matériel, but the servicemen would have awarded it to the company for another reason. A big percentage of Gillette's production of blades, drastically reduced by lack of steel, was diverted to the services. Spang is proud of the thousands of unsolicited testimonials from soldiers who insist that Gillette products made their life a little happier.

Right at the height of the Leyte campaign, Gillette received a letter from Admiral Chester W. Nimitz requesting a "one-piece razor on which the blade receiver opens up like a double barn door." Spang uncovered a cache of three prewar razors of that type, accommodating

not only the admiral but two of his subordinates.

Spang also is proud of the letter he received from General Jonathan Wainwright, who used two blades during his Japanese imprisonment. The Governor General of the Netherlands Indies used one blade for eight months.

The postwar boom was reflected in Gillette's tremendous production record last year. Typical of Spang's personnel-relations program was a dramatic incident staged one day last fall. In midmorning, without the slightest warning, master switches were mysteriously thrown and every machine in the plant rumbled to a stop. Foremen were called together and each was handed a tray with a

LONG DISTANCE, PLEASE

By Phyllis I. Rosenteur

When you're away, I plan to say
The words that crowd my heart;
But oh, my dear, if you are near,
The words refuse to start.

Your winsome face, your matchless
grace
Induce a helpless trance;
I can't express your loveliness
Although my pulses dance.

You strike me dumb each time I come
To make my feelings known;
This love affair will get nowhere
Unless you get a phone.

week's extra pay for every worker.

That was Spang's way of celebrating a new production record, for the switches were pulled just after the billionth blade of the year had gone through the machinery!

Satisfied that personnel problems were well in hand, Spang sought postwar improvements in the already-amazing inspection program. Gillette came up with an electronic microscope that would make an ordinary human hair look seven feet wide! Another amazing inspection device is the photoelectric sharpness comparator, and a sample from every few hundred blades must be subjected to the dancing beam, which detects flaws on an edge honed to a thinness of one two hundred and fifty thousandth of an inch.

While postwar conditions were becoming stabilized at home, however, Spang was worrying about Gillette's personnel and property abroad. He embarked on a 12,000-mile trip—two thirds by air—that carried him to every vital spot in Gillette's European empire.

He found a strange new economy on the Continent. Gillette's factory in Switzerland was doing a capacity

business, but the blades weren't being sold in the usual way. They were being sent to northern Italy in return for strawberries, tomatoes, and asparagus. They were going to Austria in exchange for wood; to Czechoslovakia for glass. Gillette managers in Switzerland then converted the products into cash by marketing them through wholesalers and retailers.

"They call the new system compensation trading," explains Spang. "It reflects the unrest in international monetary circles. I was flattered to discover that Gillette blades are actually being used as a medium of exchange because they have a stable value in all countries."

"That's one of the secrets of Gillette's success. The product is uniform the world over. It sells for the same price everywhere, making allowances for differences in coinage. The picture of the company's founder, King C. Gillette, is the most widely distributed brand portrait in the world."

THE Gillette president has very positive ideas about living. He flaunts the old success-book maxim of doing the job 24 hours a day. "When my regular workday is over, usually at five o'clock, I wash my hands of business and go home."

Spang's private life reflects a great interest in youth, principally because he has been a widower for nine years and has had the responsibility of guiding two sons, Tom, 18, and Joseph Peter Spang III, 12.

Spang is a director of the Boys' Club of Boston, the largest in the world, and recently retired as a trustee of Radcliffe College. He is a director of Northeastern University.

Spang's most ambitious contribution toward youth development, however, is expressed in his capacity as chairman of Junior Achievement in Massachusetts. He has been a foster father of this vocational experiment for high-school students, who set up their own companies and operate under the supervision of experts from parent concerns. Gillette is sponsoring three "companies."

Unlike many American business men, Spang isn't casting a pessimistic eye on the future. Back in 1940, when the world was girding itself for the inevitable war, Spang wrote in his autobiography for the twenty-fifth anniversary report of his Harvard class: "I am not one of those who think this country or the world has ceased to be an opportunity for our kids. . . . other generations have weathered similar difficult periods and with hope and courage have ridden out the storm."

The war didn't change that personal philosophy, and Spang's optimism has permeated the whole Gillette organization. No wonder some of the more facetious members have their little secret slogan: "America, the land of the free and the home of the blade."

THE END



"The man knows how to make a drink sing, too!"

Expect to hear *your* praises sung when you serve Calvert highballs! For here is whiskey of *friendly* lightness . . . *gentle* whiskey blended to a gentleman's taste. And the flavor is marvelously mellow . . . richly satisfying. We suggest *you*, too, join the smart thousands switching to Calvert. Then you'll know why . . .

Clear  Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert
BLENDED WHISKIES
Reserve OR *Special*

Choice Blended Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

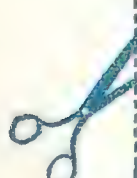
KINSEY'S NOVEMBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1 Lis-b-bon shaken by great earthquake, 1755.
2 So. Dak. and No. Dak. become states, 1889. H'lol	3 First Auto Show, 1900. They still for sale, Bud?	4 Election Day! (Vote for Kinsey, Bud.)	6 How'd your candidates make out?	7 Repub's adopt elephant as party symbol, 1874.	8 Adopt Kinsey as your favorite whiskey.	
9 Old Hickory's militia fights off Indians, 1813.	10 Stanley finds Livingstone 1871 ... he presumes.	11 Unknown Soldier buried at Arlington, 1921.	12 1st college football game, 1869. Ya-ay, team!	14 Horse-cars begin running in N.Y.C., 1832. Gee-e-e!	15 1st 'chute jump from an autogiro, 1931.	
16 Don't ask for whiskey ... ask for Kinsey Whiskey.	17 Congress moves into Capitol in Capital, 1800.	18 Standard 1883. About the crank?	20 Cigar lighter perfected, 1871.	22 Kinsey Whiskey perfected, 1892.		
23 Could I go for a Kinsey M'hattan? Watch my smoke	24 Barbed Wire pat'd., 1874. Get the point, Bud?	25 So. Pole residents await U. S. Expedition, 1929.	26 Booth opens in Hamlet, 1864 ... runs for 100 days!	27 Thanksgiving Day. Let's be thankful!	28 First auto race, 1895. Who-o-o-o-sh. 7 1/2 m.p.h!	
					29 "Barber of Seville" 1st Italian opera in U.S., 1825	

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The secret of a prize Manhattan? Kinsey whiskey...smooth as Satin

In November, or any month for that matter, a smooth, delightful Kinsey Manhattan makes the perfect "warmer-upper" when good fellows get together. Here's how:

 2 parts delicious Kinsey...
1 part sweet Vermouth...
1 dash bitters. Stir well with cracked ice... strain into cocktail glass... add cherry.

Whatever your favorite drink, you'll like it better made with smo-o-oth, flavor-full Kinsey Whiskey. Try this unusually fine blend tonight... and chances are you'll stay with it always!



SINCE 1892

the unhurried whiskey



for unhurried moments



GOLD LABEL Rich, Full-Bodied
SILVER LABEL Light, Mellow

BLENDED WHISKIES: Gold Label—86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Silver Label—86.8 Proof, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Dist. Corp., Linfield, Pa.

YOU'RE HEALTHIER THAN YOU THINK

If you think you can't get insurance, the chances are, you're wrong

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

NO matter how delicately you put it, doctor," the man in the wheel chair said, "the prospect is that I'll go through life with paralyzed legs and a useless right hand. Isn't that the brutal low-down?"

"Not necessarily," the physician replied. "Many a polio victim eventually makes a complete recovery."

"But that's not the way to bet," the patient commented. "Well, I sure was a dope to turn down that life insurance agent. Who'd insure me now?"

"Practically any life insurance company—and at regular rates," the doctor said. "If the respiratory muscles aren't affected—and yours are O.K.—actuarial experience shows that the life expectancy of polio victims is normal."

The physician's statement is true not only of polio but of many other acute and chronic ills the flesh is heir to.

The medical directors and actuaries of the life insurance companies have been studying what they call Impaired Lives or Substandard Risks ever since the first scientific life-expectancy tables were made. From that study and experience with millions of policyholders they have learned to appraise with reasonable accuracy the risk in insuring people with poor health.

That "risk appraisal" is much more favorable than the average layman would imagine.

If the medical examiner finds a spot on your lung or other evidence of tuberculosis, no insurance company would accept you. But if you have a "history" of tuberculosis, and that history shows that the disease was arrested, has not recurred for several years, and the tests are negative, most companies will accept you—at extra rates.

Sufferers from either gonorrhea or syphilis are not insurable if the disease is active. But when the gonorrhea patient's case has cleared up, he can get life insurance—at an extra premium; while the syphilitic can reasonably hope to be insured—at a still higher extra premium—if his history shows a cure and five years without recurrence.

The war has brought a number of new disease problems into the business of risk appraisal.

But by now it has been determined that while sufferers are not insurable when these diseases are active, they will generally be acceptable



after a reasonable period of quiescence. With dysentery, that period is two years. With malaria it is merely a few months—though malignant malaria may make a victim uninsurable for as long as five years.

Hepatitis (virulent jaundice) frequently causes serious damage to the liver, and the victim has to wait from three to five years before the medical examiners can pass him for life insurance.

And there are chronic and incurable ailments whose victims are, nevertheless, acceptable as life insurance risks.

FOREMOST among these are nephritis (Bright's disease) and diabetes.

If medical diagnosis shows that Bright's disease is in its early stages and that progress of kidney disintegration is very slight and very slow, and that you are a patient who takes care of yourself and does what the doctor tells you, there is a good chance that—at extra rates, of course, but not ruinous ones—any one of several big companies will accept you as a risk.

A number of companies will write extra premium life insurance for diabetics whose record, over five or ten years, shows religious adherence to their diet rules and complete conformity to their physicians' orders as to their insulin ration.

If an applicant for life insurance

can show that a cancer that was operated on or treated successfully has not recurred within five to ten years, many companies will insure him—at double rates.

Coronary heart disease and angina pectoris render insurance for their victims impossible. But many people with heart murmurs murmur along to a ripe old age, and thousands with heart palpitations palpitate past 70.

High blood pressure doesn't necessarily bar you, either. Most companies will accept you, at an extra premium graduated by the height of the pressure. But it mustn't be high enough to indicate thrombosis.

Asthmatics often wheeze through to old age, unless their attacks are constant and severe, but their susceptibility to pneumonia and heart trouble makes their life insurance cost them more; and arthritis, painful, progressive, and increasingly prevalent, adds to the premiums the victim must pay for his policy.

The sufferer from chronic bronchitis is subject to higher than average premium rates; but the victim of bone tuberculosis, which sounds much more serious, is often insured at normal rates.

TUMORS are a different matter. Even when the growths are small and "benign," there is the chance of malignancy. Generally the risk would be appraised as unacceptable, but it is possible for some less serious cases to secure life insurance at a high extra premium.

Medical statisticians think it is an underestimate to state that one out of 20 people—and one out of ten adults—have stomach or duodenal ulcers. And if ulcers are active, no insurance.

If the patient has had ulcers but they have healed and not recurred for two years, life insurance may be written at an extra premium.

How a sufferer from varicose veins is appraised depends on how far up the veins are varicose. Between the foot and knee—insurance at regular rates. Between knee and hip—slight extra premium. When the varicosity has progressed to the abdomen the patient is uninsurable.

If life insurance was available only to the perfectly healthy applicant, most of us would be out of luck. But you'll lose nothing by inquiring about your insurability, and you may get a healthy and heartening shock by finding that you're better than you think you are.

THE END

BY BERTON BRALEY



THE CASTLETON CODE

Beauty was his business. Could he, then, deliver the ugly truth?

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

UNTIL ten o'clock that morning, as usual, the immaculate windows of Castleton Florists remained blanked by curtains of silvery brocade. Inside, by nine thirty, a world of beauty slowly approached perfection.

The four front men moved about, conferring in whispers over the myriad and exacting elements of display. Though each was an expert in his own right—each had been personally trained by Philip Janness—there was no deadlock of opinion.

They finished their tour promptly at nine forty-five and took their posts.

The door of the cutting room opened and Philip Janness strode out, followed by a white-jacketed attendant carrying a basket.

There was a cold hardness and polish about Janness, as though his silvery hair and finely chiseled features had been carved from marble.

This hardness was no pose; as each of the watching front men knew, Janness was a perfectionist, but solely for gain. Invariably, in their weekly meetings, Janness reiterated:

"Keep the nature of our business clearly in mind, gentlemen. Castleton's sells a fragile item—a luxury item—for all the traffic will bear."

Through the cathedral hush Janness moved from spray to spray, readjusting a grouping here, moving a vase ever so slightly.

One gesture was Janness' alone. Occasionally, using tiny sharp-pointed scissors which he carried in his waistcoat pocket for the purpose, he clipped an almost imperceptibly curling petal or scale-flecked leaf tip, and dropped these faulty fragments in the basket.

"It's ugliness, Charley," he murmured. "We have no place for it

in here. Burn it in the incinerator."

With one last appraisal, Janness sheathed the scissors and moved to his place on the first step leading up from the rotunda. It was ten o'clock. The great doors swung back. Castleton's was open for business.

THOUGH the salesmen could keep ahead of the average flow of orders, Janness was not averse to waiting on those who habitually bypassed underlings and moved straight for the man in authority. They were usually the executive type. That they had come in person almost invariably meant they wanted no trails left behind.

The bulky man in gray tweeds fell into this category. "I am James H. Bentley," he announced.

"Of the Inter-Ocean Company," Janness said, inclining his head. The exporter's name had been on the books for years. Ordinarily it was his secretary, a throaty-voiced Dorothy Craig, who ordered flowers for Mrs. Bentley's anniversary dates, the funerals of business associates, and other casual occasions. Bentley's personal orders—more frequent of late and far more lavish—had gone directly to Miss Craig's apartment.

"I'm leaving the city today," Bentley said. "East, then abroad. This is the first of the month. Fifteen days from now—make a note of it—send Mrs. Bentley one dozen roses. American Beauties, the best you've got. On the thirtieth send another dozen. I'll write notes to go with them. You'll get them out on time, eh?"

"You may depend on it," Janness said. "You'll find paper and ink at the desk behind the pillar."

Bentley seated himself and wrote the first note and sealed it. He took longer with the second, then brought the sealed envelopes to Janness.

The order went out fifteen days later. In late afternoon of the twenty-ninth day—the day before the second order would be delivered—a quiet-voiced man came into Castleton's.

"Are you in charge here?" he asked Janness.

"I'm the owner," Janness admitted.

"My name's Redding. I'm an investigator for a number of insurance companies." He showed his credentials. "Look at this."

He brought out a newspaper clipping dated five days before. It concerned the wrecking of a British freighter en route to Melbourne via the Straits Settlements. Five lives had been lost. Three had been crew members, the other two the only passengers on the freighter, listed as J. J. Cromwell of San Francisco and Miss Dorothy Blake of Oakland.

Redding explained that "Cromwell" was Bentley. "Miss Blake" was his secretary, Dorothy Craig.

"I've talked to Mrs. Bentley," Redding went on. "She doesn't know anything—yet. But she's got to be told. She showed me Bentley's note—the one he sent with the roses. . . . Would you believe it—she's still got those roses on her buffet! . . . The point is, there's no use blasting her. If he left a second note, how about letting me see it—off the record?"

"Why should I?" asked Janness.

"The way it happened down there, a collision in the fog," Redding explained, "Bentley and his sweetie could have been jarred off the deck. Or they could have jumped off, maybe in one of those suicide pacts. They were alone on deck. It makes a difference in two places. One's with Mrs. Bentley—she doesn't have to know about the sweetie angle. She can be told that Bentley took off from the deck alone. She can go the rest of her life saving those withered roses, figuring he was up against it financially—which he was—and bowed out gracefully, thinking of her. But the insurance company's got to know."

Janness nodded. "Double indemnity if accidental."

"That's right. It makes a difference of a hundred grand to Mrs. Bentley, and his second note might tell."

Janness had already completed a survey of the facts and his ethical obligation. Mrs. Bentley was probably a person of charm and discernment: she had recognized in the roses an imperishable ingredient.

(Continued on page 56)

Janness clipped a curling petal or scale-flecked leaf tip and dropped these faulty fragments in the basket.





FULL MOON

A new Blandings Castle story,

hilariously happy in

the drollest Wodehouse manner

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE refined moon which served Blandings Castle and district was nearly at its full, and the ancestral home of Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, had for some hours now been flooded by its silver rays. The ninth earl was down by the pigsty near the kitchen garden, draped in his boneless way over the rail of the bijou residence of Empress of Blandings, his amiable sow, twice in successive years a popular winner in the Fat Pigs class at the Shropshire Agricultural Show.

The ecstasy which always came to the vague and woollen-headed widower when in the society of this noble animal was not quite complete, for she had withdrawn for the night to a sort of covered wigwam in the background and he could not see her. But he could hear her deep, regular breathing, and he was drinking it in absorbedly, when the scent of a powerful cigar told him that he was no longer alone. Adjusting his pince-nez, he was astonished to behold the soldierly figure of his brother-in-law Colonel Wedge.

Colonel Wedge had supposed himself to be alone with Nature. The shock of discovering that what he had taken for a pile of old clothes was alive caused him to speak a little sharply.

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WALLACE MORGAN

"Good God, Clarence, is that you? What on earth are you doing out here at this time of night?"

Lord Emsworth replied that he was listening to his pig.

"Listening to your pig? You'd better come in and go to bed. You'll be getting lumbago again."

"Perhaps you are right," agreed Lord Emsworth, and fell into step at the other's side.

For a while they proceeded towards the house in a restful silence. Then both spoke simultaneously, the colonel saying that he had run into Lord Emsworth's son Freddie last night and Lord Emsworth asking if his companion, when in London, had gone to see Mabel.

"Mabel?"

"I mean Dora. I forgot her name for the moment. My sister Dora."

"Oh, Dora? Good God, no. When I go to London for a day's pleasure, I don't waste my time seeing Dora."

The sentiment was one of which Lord Emsworth thoroughly approved. "Of course not, my dear fellow, naturally not. Nobody in their senses would. I wrote to Dora the other day, asking her to find me an artist to paint the portrait of my pig, and she wrote back most rudely telling me not to be ridiculous. But Dora is very worried. Something to do with rabbits."

"Why should Dora be worried about rabbits?"

"Ah," said Lord Emsworth, as if feeling that he was being taken into deep waters. Then, brightening, "Perhaps they have been eating her lobelias."

A SNORT escaped Colonel Wedge. "Your sister Dora," he said, "lives on the fourth floor of a block of residential flats in the heart of London. So she has no lobelias."

"Then it is difficult to see," agreed Lord Emsworth, "how rabbits can have entered into the thing. Tell me," he proceeded, "did I hear you say that you had a letter from Freddie?"

"I said I had met him. In Piccadilly. He was with a tight chap."

"A tight chap?"

"Yes, a tight chap. A young man under the influence of alcoholic liquor."

"Oh, quite, quite. But it couldn't have been Freddie. Don't you remember? He married the daughter of an American dog-biscuit manufacturer and went to live in America."

"He's been back in England for weeks. His father-in-law sent him over to whack up the English end of the concern. His wife came with

him, but she has gone on to Paris. Freddie's coming here tomorrow."

Like so many fathers of the English upper classes, Lord Emsworth was somewhat allergic to younger sons. Freddie, when at Blandings, had a way of mooning about looking like a bored and despairing sheep.

"He won't be staying long, will he?" Lord Emsworth asked, with a father's pathetic eagerness.

"Weeks and weeks and weeks, I gathered. He's bringing the tight chap with him for a visit. Good night, Clarence, good night," said Colonel Wedge. And, his cheerfulness completely restored by the reflection that he had ruined his relative's beauty sleep, he proceeded to the Blue Room to report to his wife, who had finished creaming her face and was now in bed, skimming the pages of a novel.

"What," he enquired, "is this about Dora being worried by rabbits?"

"It seems that yesterday while Prudence was out, someone asked for her on the telephone, so Dora went and a strange male voice said, 'Hullo, my precious dream rabbit.' Instead of waiting to hear more, she said that this was Prudence's mother speaking. Upon which the man gave a sort of gasp and rang off. Of course she questioned Prudence when she



came in, and Prudence said it might have been anyone. I know I should make the most searching enquiries about any young man whom I heard calling our Veronica a dream rabbit. Prudence has been seeing a great deal of Galahad recently, and goodness knows whom he may not have introduced to her."

Colonel Wedge knew that his own affection and admiration for Lord Emsworth's younger brother, the Hon. Galahad Threepwood, was not shared by the latter's sisters.

"Some of Gally's pals are queer fish," he admitted. "But whatever sort of a life Gally has led, by George

it's agreed with him. I never saw a man looking fitter. He's coming here for Veronica's birthday. I tell you, being cooped up at Blandings Castle at the time of the full moon with Clarence, Galahad, Freddie and a drunken friend named Tipton Plimsoll on the premises will be like being wrecked on a desert island with the Marx Brothers."

"Plimsoll?"

"This chap Freddie's bringing down."

"What's he like?"

"Tall, thin chap. If you can picture a young, intoxicated Clarence with a beaky nose and horn-rimmed spectacles, you will have a very fair idea of Plimsoll."

"Of course! Now I remember. He was pointed out to me in a restaurant just before we left London. He is a young American, educated in England, I believe, and very rich."

They looked at each other.

"He will be nice company for our Vee."

"Yes. Did he seem nice?"

"A charming personality, I thought. Allowing, of course, for the fact that he was as soused as a herring. A fellow spending the evening with Freddie would naturally have to keep himself going. Besides, there is always this to bear in mind—Vee isn't hard to please."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, dash it, when you reflect that she was once engaged to Freddie—"

ON the following morning the ornate front door of Wiltshire House, Grosvenor Square, flew open, and there came pouring out in close formation an old spaniel, a young spaniel, and a middle-aged Irish setter, followed by a girl in blue.

Prudence, only daughter of Dora, relict of the late Sir Everard Garland, K.C.B., had none of that breath-taking beauty which caused photographers to fight over her cousin Veronica Wedge, but she was quite alluring enough in her trim, slim, blue-eyed way.

On the present occasion her eyes were shining, her feet seemed to dance along the pavement, and from her lips there proceeded a gay song, which seemed to shock a monocled young man who was approaching. Frederick Threepwood, Lord Emsworth's younger son, was up early, giving selfless service to the firm which employed him. Sent over to London to whack up the English sales of Donaldson's Dog-Joy, he had come to call on his aunt Dora and give her a sales talk.

"Golly, Freddie," cried Prudence, amazed. "Up already?"

The poetic greeting plainly stung the young go-getter.

"Already? What do you mean, already? Why, over in Long Island City we're generally halfway through our second conference by this time."

"Well, you could knock me down with a feather," said Prudence com-

(Continued on page 81)



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get out of bed!*

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warm throughout the night. Just a
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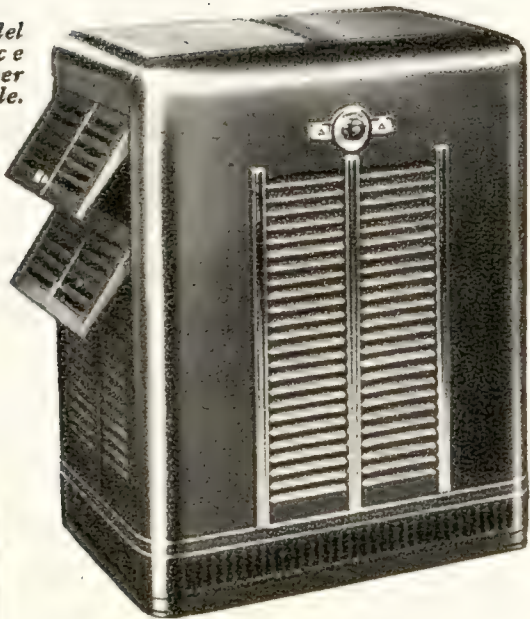
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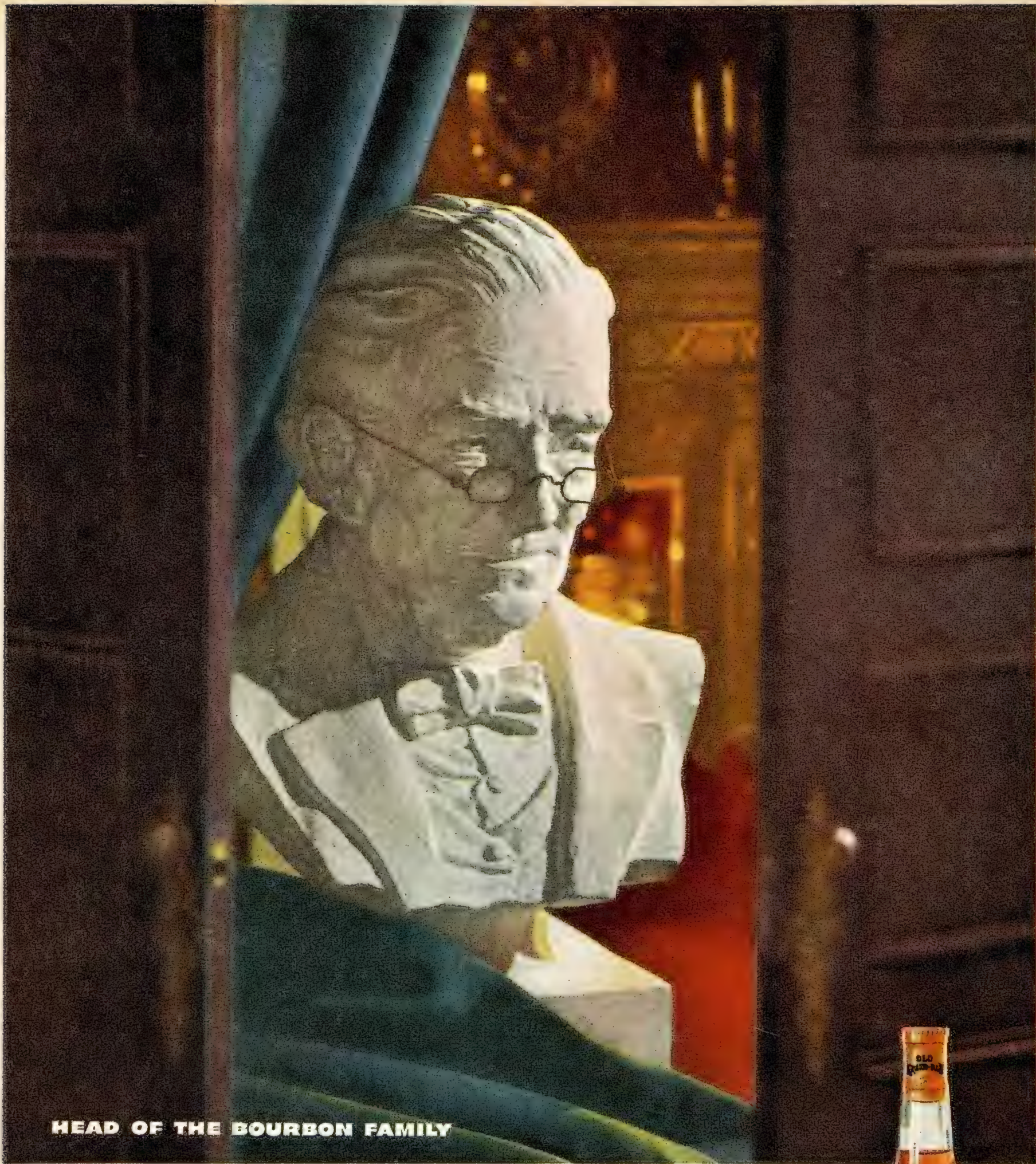


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National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N.Y.



100
PROOF

EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye



HAWAII



PHOTOS BY SCHOSTAL

Hawaii, a fusion of tropical splendor, skyscrapers, white beaches, and modern roads, has White House backing in its hard-fought battle for statehood

HAWAII

49TH STATE?



Honolulu from the Tantalus. Waikiki beach to right of Diamond Head.

HAWAII, backed by President Truman, has renewed her fight for statehood with fresh vigor. The chances for favorable action were never better, says J. R. Farrington, Hawaii's delegate to Congress. But before the islanders can shout "We're in the Union now!" they have to overcome objections of States-side sugar growers, who want Hawaii's sugar exports limited, and win an indifferent Congress. Hawaiians point out that the islands have maintained peaceful constitutional government since 1840 and that statehood "is not a change but a consummation."



Oahu Country Club, Honolulu's most beautiful links.



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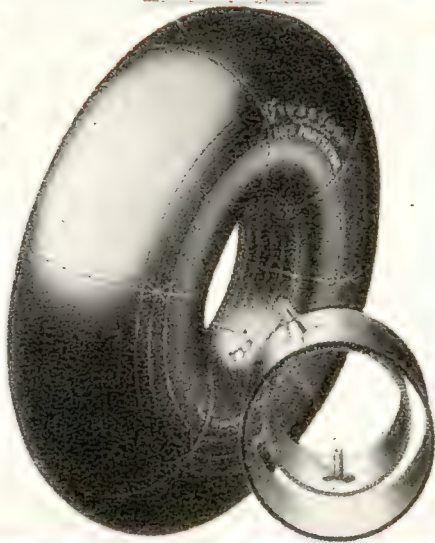
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With Firestone Life Protectors in your tires, you can always be sure of bringing your car to a safe, straight stop in case of a blowout.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

When the outer tube is punctured, the reserve supply of air keeps the tire from going flat while you stop your car.



Timely FALL and



Stone



ENTER VALUES Now on Sale at Firestone Dealers and Stores



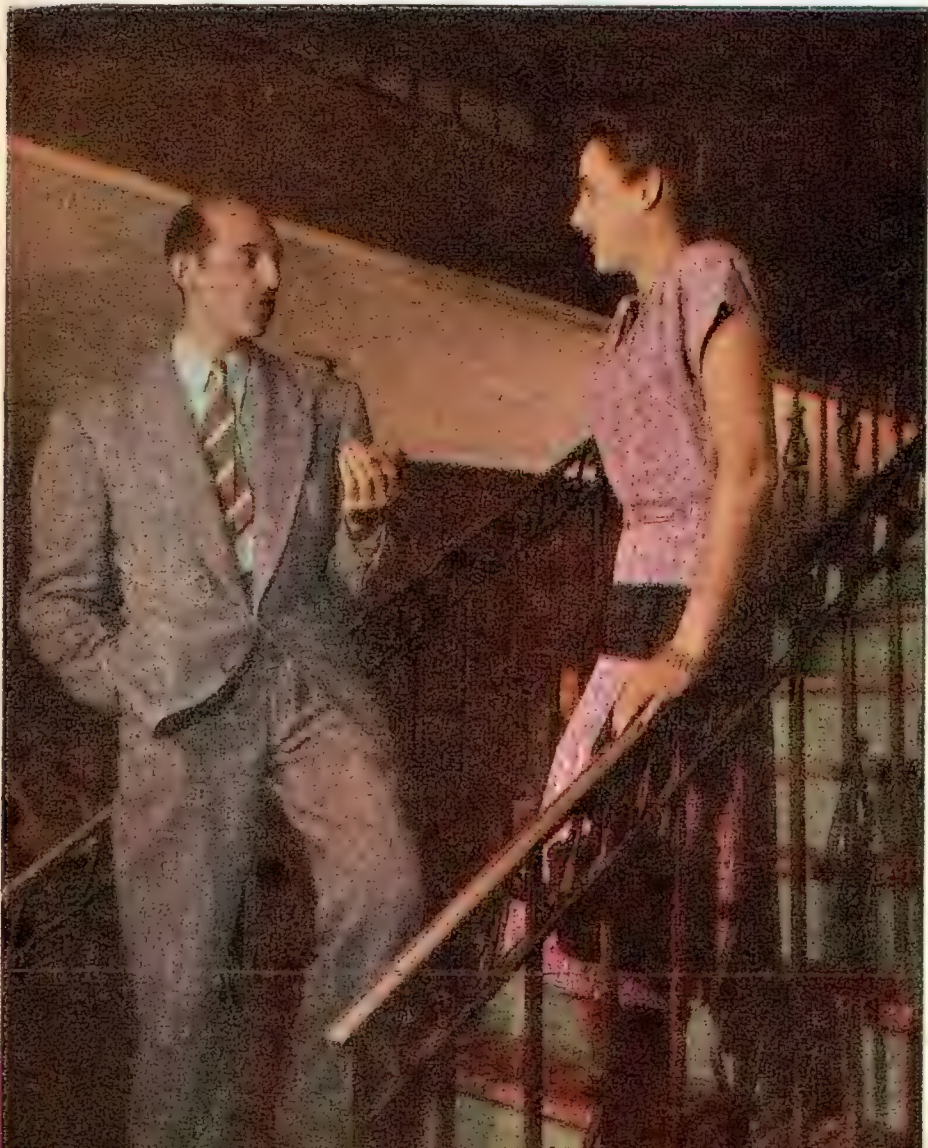
Velon
SEAT COVERS

* Trade Mark



Radio personalities make it a point to be seen at Colbee's. Claire Niesen turns from the chef's masterpieces to pretty up.

Director Stan Davis discusses a role with Elaine Williams.



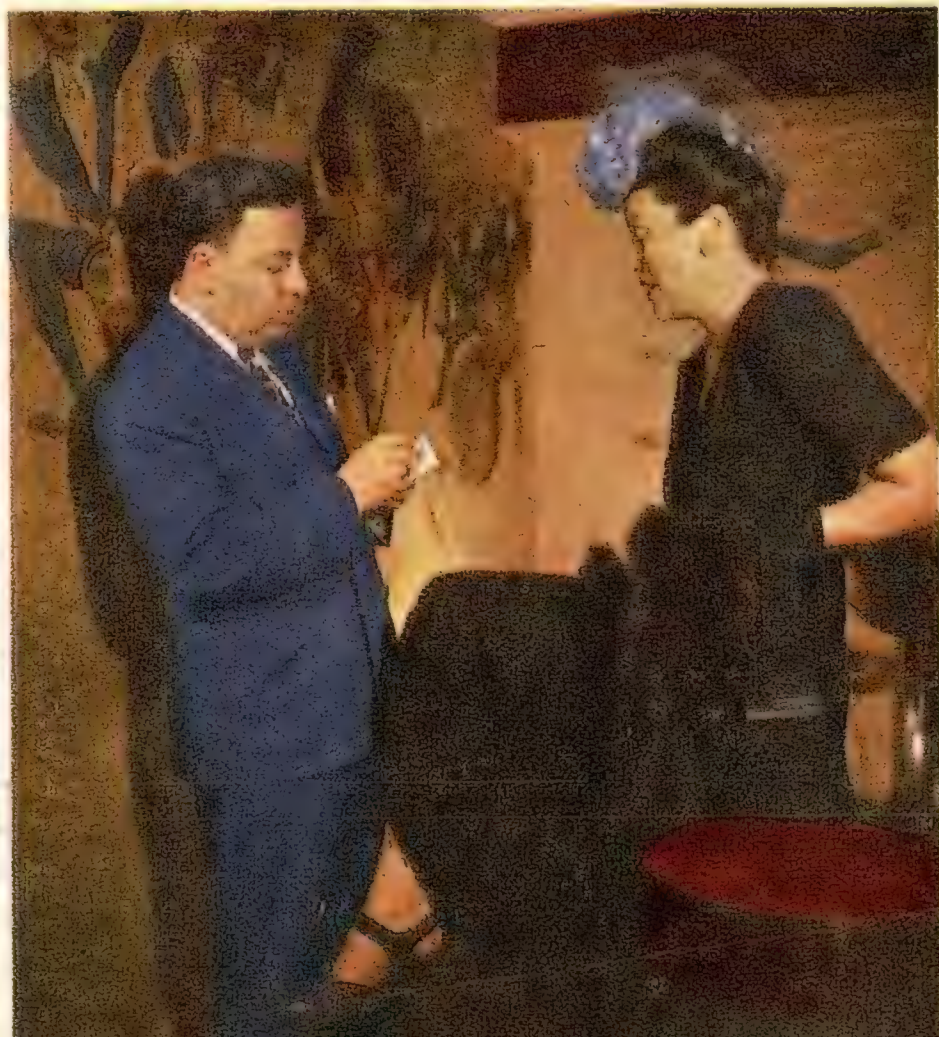
RADIO RENDEZVOUS

Colbee Restaurant is to radio personalities what
21 and the Stork are to writers and actors

BEST place to see your favorite radio personalities is the Colbee Restaurant in the CBS building in New York. You usually find a Who's Who of radio—Arthur Godfrey, Ginny Simms, Percy Faith, Mark Warnow, Lowell Thomas, Jean Sibelius, and others. A few have favorite dishes. Godfrey, for example, likes egg in hamburger. One service provided by Colbee's is a Radio Registry Call Board where many a hopeful finds a notice of a job.



Susan Douglas feeds **Elaine Williams** ice cream while **Evelyn Juster** of *Amanda* and **Jack Grimes** of *Second Husband* talk shop. Cigarettes for two. **Arthur Godfrey** and **Nadine Berin**. **Columnist** (that's **Earl**) **Wilson** bends an ear to **Fran Carlon**.





LOVELY LEAP

Superb action photograph of Madeline Rosay, premiere ballerina of Rio de Janeiro's Municipal Opera House, executing the leap in a dance based on Afro-Brazilian religious rites.

PHOTO BY EARL LEAF FROM RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE



Two-Tone job with engine in rear by W. A. Creany, Jr., Los Angeles.



This flashy seine-blue model won for Harvey Whitman, Jackson, Mich.



CARS OF TOMORROW BY BOYS OF TODAY

THESE model automobiles, some of the regional winners in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild 1947 competition, provide graphic evidence of what American boys of today are thinking in the way of designs for the car of tomorrow.

The Craftsman's Guild, sponsored by General Motors, has been encouraging teen-age youths to build model cars or miniature Na-



Charles Jordan, Cambridge, Mass., has windshield extend into roof; \$4,000 scholarship, senior group.



Donald Stumpf of Buffalo, N. Y., made this bronze-colored model; \$2,000 scholarship, senior group.



Another engine in rear model, the work of James Mariol, Canton, Ohio; \$4,000 scholarship, junior group.



How Burnham looked
when he won in '31.

Fisher scholarships help many
a youth to an education. Here's
what some former champs do now



Donald C. Burnham, as a boy in West Lafayette, Indiana, in 1931 won a \$5,000 university scholarship with his model Napoleonic coach in the annual Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild contest. He attended Purdue University; then went with General Motors. He has worked his way up, and today is manufacturing manager of the Oldsmobile plant. During the war he was a major and headed production at important Watervliet Arsenal.

Continued from page 51

poleonic coaches since 1930. Until 1936, the coaches were alone in the contest. Then the Guild brought the model cars into the picture. Made either of plaster of Paris or wood, the



Ten years ago and
a home-town welcome.

London, Ohio, still remembers the day in August, 1937, when it turned out to welcome Charles Bangert, Jr., on his return from Detroit. He had just won a \$5,000 scholarship in the Fisher competition. For the townsfolk it was the climax of many awards won by Bangert for his model-making skill. Bangert went to Ohio State, then joined General Electric Company. He moved up in the mechanical design section. Recently he took on an even more important job with Trumbull Electric.



Olafson was a farm
boy from Saskatoon.



Joseph Olafson, 35, an industrial engineer for Roebling's Sons, Trenton, N. J., quit school to help his father on their Canadian farm. He fashioned crude tools to build a coach; won a \$100 award, and with his next coach a \$5,000 scholarship that led to the University of Saskatchewan.



His craftsmanship won in the war, too.

Edward N. "Shorty" Sendek, Monessen, Pa., is completing his Guild scholarship, cut short by the war, at Notre Dame. Shorty's craftsmanship got him the Legion of Merit at Anzio. He built a bomb-rack adapter for B-25s that increased their fragmentation bomb load by 93 per cent. What he did helped smash Hitler's Nazi units. He was technical sergeant then, but was quickly commissioned a second lieutenant in the field.

cars must scale one inch to the foot, the length being limited to 15 13/16 inches. Awards for best models this year totaled \$85,000 in cash and eight university scholarships. On these pages are shown some of the earlier winners.

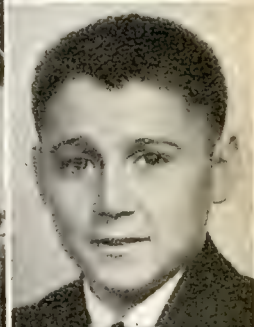


Thirteen years ago and a Fisher winner.

The publishing business is represented, too, by former winners in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild competitions. Robert W. Strauss, formerly of Warsaw, Indiana, built a model coach in 1934 and won a university scholarship. He attended Purdue and the Babson Institute of Business Administration. Now, 13 years after his first major effort in craftsmanship, he is secretary-treasurer of the Maujar Publishing Company, which publishes the magazine Industry and Power.

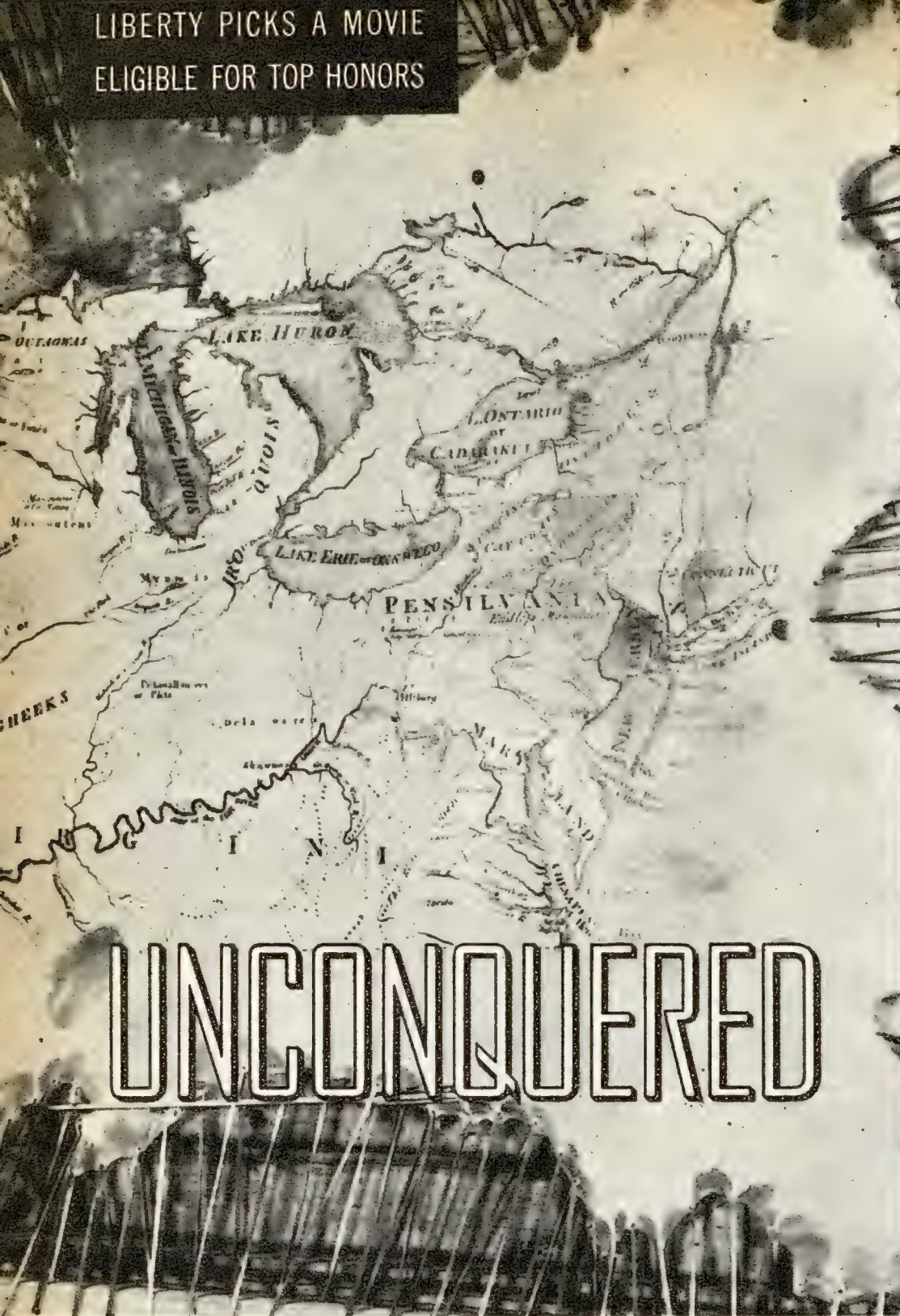


Teddy Mandel, winner of junior \$5,000 scholarship in first model contest offered by Craftsman's Guild in 1937, inspects a model entered this year by his brother Albert. Albert took third place in Michigan and is the third Mandel boy to set his sights on a scholarship. First brother was Bartholomew, who won with a Napoleonic coach. Teddy's education was interrupted by the war. Drafted into the navy, he became chief machinist mate on the cruiser Nashville. At war's end he had 12 engagements to his credit. He recently went back to school at University of Detroit.



Ted won the junior scholarship in 1937.

LIBERTY PICKS A MOVIE
ELIGIBLE FOR TOP HONORS



UNCONQUERED



Abby Hale, doomed to slavery in western Pennsylvania of 1763 (see

De Mille makes the heroine of his story (Paulette Goddard) a felon.



CECIL B. DE MILLE, who makes pictures that critics seldom like but people who buy tickets go crazy about, this time chooses the year 1763 and the Indian lands around Fort Pitt (later Pittsburgh) for as exciting goings-on as have been seen on the screen since the halcyon days of Pearl White. In *Unconquered*, done to the hilt in gorgeous Technicolor, Gary Cooper, as a dashing captain in the colonies, rescues Paulette Goddard, a pretty English miss, from being auctioned into slavery; from being tortured by a band of Indians, led by that famous redskin, Boris Karloff; and from a fate worse than death at the hands of the screen's worst villain, Howard Da Silva. (Pauline's Perils were child's play compared to Paulette's.) Gary and Paulette escape thousands of pursuing Indians by going over a waterfall in a canoe. Quite a trick. De Mille and Paramount undoubtedly have come up with another money-maker.



map), is sold at auction. Captain Holden (Gary Cooper) outbids Martin Garth (Howard Da Silva) who traffics in convicts.

Garth tricks Abby, convinces her that Holden didn't buy her freedom.

Other Pictures

Worth Seeing

LIFE WITH FATHER (Warner Bros.). After a record-breaking seven-year run on Broadway, *Life with Father* comes to the screen as a superlative motion picture and high contender for Academy honors. As American as apple pie and baseball, the Warner Brothers picture presents in Technicolor the very human story of a family. The story is told through the day-to-day living and crises of an 1880 household. Father (William Powell) bellows at new maids, refuses to be baptized, and thunders at visiting relatives. His wife, Vinnie (Irene Dunne), subdues her dominating husband with feminine wisdom and a few tears. Four redheaded sons and two visiting cousins (Elizabeth Taylor and Zasu Pitts) complete this lovable family album. Filled with laughter and warm affection, *Life with Father* seems destined to go on as an American institution.



"But," he asks me,
"isn't all brake
lining the same?"



"Look, Joe," he says, as he watches me reline his brakes. "Isn't all brake lining the same?"

"Not quite," I answer. "For example, Grizzly Brake Lining is an exclusive asbestos-friction compound, molded on a strong wire grid back. There are plenty of other features too, but what's most important is the way Grizzly gives better braking action to both 'Big Foot' and 'Little Foot' drivers."

"How's that?" he asks.

"Just this," I reply. "The many fine Grizzly features assure superior brake performance in the largest trucks down to the smallest passenger cars. Women, as well as men, find Grizzly gives them quick, smooth, sure stops with a 'soft' pedal."

"Well," he grins, "if the quality of your work equals Grizzly's quality, I'll be satisfied."

"Don't worry," I assure him. "Grizzly and I make a combination that satisfies every time!"

BIG FOOT LITTLE FOOT
both share equally in Grizzly's superior all-around performance. Remember — for smooth, easy stops and amazing freedom from adjustment, reline with Grizzly. Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio.



"Bear in Mind"... ask for

GRIZZLY
BRAKE LINING

WHEREVER BRAKES ARE SERVICED

THE CASTLETON CODE

Continued from Page 37

He went to the order desk and got Bentley's second note. It was on Castleton's two-page formal paper. Bentley had written:

A spade's a spade, Clara, so here's the verdict. I won't be back. I've made hash out of both our lives thus far. From now on I'll live it where and how I choose, and with another woman. To make it final, I'll tell you she's with me now. So don't try to follow me—just forget me. This is good-by.

And still . . .

That was the first page. The second was surprising. When he had written this, James H. Bentley had known, deep in his heart, what manner of treasure he was abandoning.

. . . your picture will always be in my heart, Clara. It was you the poet meant when he said, "A perfect woman, nobly planned." When you think of me, remember the best in me and forget the worst. I will think of you often. So there will be times when we will be together in thought, though we will never see each other again.

Meanwhile, this last time—like that first time twenty-two years ago, remember?—I send you roses, my dear.

Redding grinned.

"The rat! First he slaps her down, then backs away weeping. . . . Well,

I guess this sews it up. It was an accident. Double indemnity it is."

"Then the case is closed?"

"And padlocked. You've got to deliver this note?"

"Of course."

JANNESS went back to the order desk and stood there, the note in his hand. . . . A fine woman, Mrs. Bentley. A believing woman—who cherished faded roses. And this first cruel page could blight the lifelong flowering of beauty in her heart.

No, this first page was ugly, like a spot of rust. Bentley was gone. The insurance company would tell her it was an accident. They would pay off on that basis. Bentley had run out on her, true, but she need never know why; it could have been a business trip down to Melbourne. He might have had a premonition when he'd written his farewell. Believing that, she would reread this closing, beautiful line a thousand times. *I send you roses, my dear. . . .*

Janness drew the scissors from the sheath and snipped the two pages apart. He trimmed the second page carefully. It was now Castleton's single page, formal. He read the page again, and nodded. He placed it in the envelope, sealed it and put it in its compartment in the order file. He tossed it into Charley's basket.

THE END

THE TRUTH ABOUT DEWEY

Continued from Page 23

principal handicaps have always been his demanding nature, his lack of heartiness, his very medium stature, and his brusqueness.

On the other hand, he was absolutely loyal to his subordinates, giving them a free hand and backing them up.

In August, 1937, Dewey agreed to run for District Attorney of New York County.

Dewey got a handsome plurality in the election and became a national figure. Then he suffered his first serious defeat.

The trail from a number of rackets led to James J. Hines, a boss of Tammany Hall—an untouchable. Dewey had been preparing a case against him for years. In May, 1938, Hines was arrested. The District Attorney came into court with an airtight case; the evidence against Hines was damning. However, in cross-examining defense witness Lyon Boston, Dewey asked a question that might have incriminated Hines on charges other than those before the court. Lloyd Paul Stryker, defense counsel, leaped to his feet, demanding a mistrial. The courtroom boiled with confusion.

After two days' consideration, Justice Ferdinand Pecora ruled for a mistrial. Dewey went straight to his stricken staff.

"What will we do?" they asked.

Dewey smiled and said, "Move for a new trial. It will be the same indictment. We'll convict him."

They did.

Dewey bounced back from defeat right into the Republican nomination for Governor of New York in September, 1938. Governor Lehman beat him soundly. Dewey bounced back higher than ever.

Early in January, 1939, Dewey found that he was leading in the polls for the Republican nomination for President in 1940. He asked Elliott Bell to help him form a group of advisers.

Bell came with him gladly, as did John Burton, who had a research bureau that he made available. Three other friends completed the group: Roger Straus of American Smelting and Refining; John Foster Dulles, an international lawyer who had been with Woodrow Wilson at Versailles; and George Z. Medalie.

Dewey came into the 1940 Republican National Convention with 360 delegates. Wendell Willkie had an unconsidered 107. However, Willkie's ardent idealism won him the nomination.

Dewey's four-year term as District Attorney ended on December 31, 1941. He went back into private practice, but he knew it would not be for long. It was, in fact, just eight months. Then the Republican Party nominated him for Governor of New York, and he was elected by a plurality of 647,628 votes.

(Continued on page 58)

If you want something really good for dinner tonight-

then try...

Cocktail of Fresh Fruits with Mint
Romany Steak Casserole*
Tossed Green Salad
Toasted, Buttered Hard Rolls
Ice Cream Cake with Chocolate Sauce
Coffee

Recipe

*Romany Steak Casserole . . . This is a recipe that deserves to be kept your secret . . . It's so easy, so good . . . Brown 1 lb. ground round steak. Add 1 11-oz. can Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup (undiluted), and 4 strips bacon which have been sautéed and broken into pieces. Simmer, covered, 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Serve from casserole. Serves 3 . . . Wonderful fare!

then try...

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup . . . the perfect beginning for any man's meal!
Complete . . . that's the word for Heinz . . . complete with rich, thick cream . . . with the savor of Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes . . . the rarest of imported spices, complete with all the loving care Heinz chefs lavish on their 57 Varieties.
Completely delicious—that's Heinz Soup.



You'll never know how good soup is until you've tasted..

Heinz⁵⁷

By adding one tin of milk or water to one tin of soup you get double the quantity.



227,000-MILE YARDSTICK

Railroad progress speaks for itself. But it is not *measured* in talk.

It is measured by the exact yardstick of *results* . . . results which show up in better service to the public by all American railroads—227,000 miles of them.

Results in better passenger service:

Railroads were the pioneers in air conditioning. Today practically every passenger car on principal runs is air conditioned. As far back as 1934, railroads introduced streamlined trains. And—although no passenger equipment could be built in the war years—today around 150 of these trains, sleek symbols of modern transportation, cover 100,000 miles every 24 hours. Many more are being built!

Results in more efficient freight service:

The amount of work done each day by the average freight car *practically doubled* between 1926 and 1946. And in the first five months of 1947 it was almost 10% more than in 1946! That's one important reason why railroads are able to handle the greatest peacetime traffic in history with fewer freight cars than they have had in many years!

Results in greater safety:

In 1946 collision, derailment, and other train accidents resulted in only one passenger fatality for each 996,000,000 miles traveled! (That's right—almost a *billion* miles!)

These facts are a matter of record. They are practical, down-to-earth yardsticks of railroad progress. Railroad progress is the product of many minds . . . of much planning . . . of constant research . . . of wide cooperation and the expenditure of billions of dollars. And in measuring progress, it's not promises but *results* that count.

TO CONTINUE THIS PROGRESS

... the railroads must earn an adequate income.

Over the last 25 years—and that includes the war years—the railroads have earned an average of only 3½% annually on their net investment.

Most people think 6% would be no more than fair.

And 6% is the minimum the railroads need to continue to provide the kind of transportation you want.

Association of American Railroads

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

(Continued from page 56)

In June 1944, the Republican National Convention nominated him virtually by acclamation.

Dewey's campaign was forceful and, in the main, on a high plane. But he fought under an impossible handicap. Wartime security made it difficult to attack the administration. Dewey could find out little about what was going on, and dared not use what he knew.

Dewey's defeat for the Presidency did not affect his popularity in New York. In the election of 1946 he was returned to office with a record-breaking 650,000 plurality.

GOVERNOR DEWEY has given New York an administration that is a marvel in this age of bureaucracies. This he has done, not alone by his dynamic ability, but by attracting to public service the highest type of men who in private life could earn ten times the salaries they are paid.

The Governor is an ambitious man, ruthlessly ambitious some think; but there is nothing mean or shortsighted about his method of attaining his goal. The only question he asks of a subordinate is, "Is this thing good for the people of the state?"

My first sight of Governor Dewey was a pleasant shock. He was so much more vital than his pictures.

The Governor chatted wittily about everything under the sun, except the business at hand. Finally I dragged the conversation back to interview form by main strength, asking him bluntly what he thought of Vandenberg and his bi-partisan policy.

The Governor was for it. He said that he admired Vandenberg enormously. They had not always been friendly. "I don't think he liked being beaten in the primaries of 1940 by a little squirt," Dewey said with a grin, "but since then we have become great friends."

Then, speaking of the Truman-Vandenberg foreign policy, the Governor said very earnestly, "We must do everything in our power to counter the flow of Communism or we will be isolated. The pressure is no different from the Nazis, but it is run by smarter men."

I asked the Governor if he thought that the Russian system and ours could coexist in one world.

"I certainly think it's possible," he answered, "but only if we exist from strength—we must be as hard and as cunning as they—and only if we realize we cannot exist as a little island of freedom in a slave world."

I then asked the Governor questions about taxes, labor, depressions, finance, and the cost of living. He would not commit himself on any of these subjects, but I gathered that he was against sin.

I asked the Governor why he was willing to commit himself on our foreign policy and not about internal

(Continued on page 61)

Every old timer remembers...



and every old timer knows...

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*The best test for whiskey
—pour some into a glass and drink it.*

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personally
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You answer appraising eyes with a smile. With complete composure: always one of your charms, and *very personally yours* wherever you are . . . whatever the time of the month. Of course. For you're so confident that no one will know, because the special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines.

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Yes, with Kotex for your ally you can meet trying moments, assured. As gaily as you doff your mask, you can laugh off care with a peace-of-mind that's *very personally yours*.

***More women choose Kotex*
than all other sanitary napkins***



✓ To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives, you'll want a new Kotex Belt—adjustable—snug fitting—all-elastic.

(Continued from page 58)

affairs. He answered solemnly, "Because that goes to the fundamentals of our national security."

We parted with real liking on both sides. I was quite aware that I had been given a run-around, but it was so beautifully done that I hardly minded. And I realized that it was very good politics.

There is no doubt of one thing: He is intensely anxious to be President. If nominated, he will put on the best-run campaign ever seen.

Dewey might make a splendid President. His administration would be miraculously efficient and he would streamline the inchoate federal agencies which have grown up planlessly under the pressure of necessity. He can claim to be one of the principal architects of the bipartisan foreign policy, since it was he who sent John Foster Dulles to Cordell Hull in 1944; and he brought Dulles and Vandenberg together.

The Governor plays his cards close to his chest. Just at the end of our interview I said to him, "I'm going to ask you a question that I once asked President Truman."

Dewey braced himself.

"Do you ever draw to an inside straight?" I asked.

The Governor relaxed and laughed. "No," he said. "It's not a good bet."

"The President said that he often did," I remarked.

"That's not the way I play poker," said Governor Dewey.

It isn't the way he plays politics, either.

THE END

THE GREEN-EYED IDOL

Continued from Page 25

thought he knew that walk, and his heart leaped.

"I'll beat you to the stables," he called to Dorothy, spurring Queen.

They raced by the visitor, but Charley snatched a glance at him. It was Chatterji of the C.I.D.

"That was rather rude of us—to go bounding by that native Johnny," Charley said. "I'd better go back."

Charley cantered back to meet Chatterji out of hearing of the house.

"Should I be seen talking to you?" Charley asked. "Tell me what I'm to say to the Warwicks—"

"Tell the mem-sahib I'm another silly baboo doing research for a degree at Calcutta University, and paying a call on Warwick—"

"I'll visit my dad's grave this afternoon at four. It's a native shrine, and secluded."

"I'll be there."

When his hostess excused herself for her daily siesta, Charley announced his little pilgrimage.

"Can you find it?" asked Dorothy. "If not, Judy can show you."

The words brought back a poignant memory to Charley. He remembered the way Judy looked in native

dress, crouching by the door. He remembered—and yet a look into Dorothy's beautiful eyes and the memory faded as a morning mist.

An hour later Charley was gazing down at a well-kept grave. Chatterji came up the hill. "Well, my friend, what have you found out?"

"It isn't a pipe dream," Charley said. "The opium comes through Bhutan and the pack trains camp below Warwick's estate. It's probably cached in the old dak bungalow, but how it's handled from then on I haven't the slightest notion."

"On sober reflection, I too decided it was no pipe dream. That is why I have come here to lie in the offing."

"Won't Warwick get suspicious?"

"Give me credit, my friend, for rud'ment'ry eentelligence. Since it was my scholarship that unearthed the imaginary Sanskrit manuscript, I who planted the cock-and-bull story on your pukka sahib—natur'ly I have a finger in the pie. Smelling a rat when Howard Davis' wastrel son returns suddenly to the Duars, I have hot-foot up here to make sure there is no hanky-panky about the five-thousand-rupee reward I am to receive if jewels are ever found."

"That covers it up. He'll probably post a spy—"

"I am verree longheaded fellow, you bet. So in case you make a feint of looting the pagoda, I have brought you two likely looking stones to have found in the ruddy idol, for which you have substituted the glass balls. They are jolly well not emeralds but quite fair jade and expensive, I tell you! At least they will prevent him thinking the whole bally business was a frame-up."

"YOU brought them just in time. He wants me to start into Bhutan tomorrow, though I'm going to make an excuse to wait at least one more day. I don't mean for the trip to be wasted. I ought to learn a good deal from the natives about the smuggling procedure and maybe line up someone who'll testify in court. And with the jade balls I can string Warwick along about another idol farther off—the right one this time—and in that way stay close to him."

"Good figuring. I'm dropping them in your jacket pocket. What were you saying about a spy?"

"He posted one to watch Dorothy and me. He was on my trail in Calcutta. He's passing as a Nepalese field hand called Newar, but he's a big Punjabi with small close-set ears."

Chatterji's lone eye glistened. "By Jove, we've smelled opium on that cove for years! It is something to find him working for Warwick."

"Warwick is using him partly to keep me from slipping off into Bhutan on my own. Maybe he intends to have him follow me there so I won't make off with the loot. But he's also watching Dorothy and me—"

Chatterji was gazing off into the hills and suddenly he started. "By gol! My friend, what is that?"

Charley looked and saw a train of

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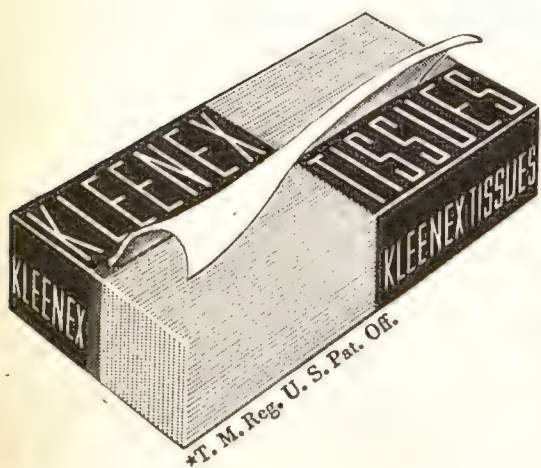
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Hold a Kleenex* Tissue up to a light! You won't find lumps, or weak spots. You'll see Kleenex *quality* come smiling through! Each tissue always the same . . . with that special quality of softness . . . strength . . . you *depend* on in Kleenex, your favorite of all tissues.

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America's Favorite Tissue

Liked best in a nation-wide survey
by 7 out of 10 tissue users.



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

heavily laden *pangan* ponies moving out of the pass toward Diwingari.

"I think it's the break we need," Charley answered. "It's about time for another shipment—and if they camp for the night by the river—"

Chatterji deliberated, rubbing his big nose. "Listen! I must veesit their camp at once! I will drink palm toddy and show off like any silly baboo condescending to the unlettered jungle wallahs. I will speak to them only in Hindustani. They will not know I speak Bhutanese.

"I may hear some juicy talk, oha, yess. They may try to cache the chandoo behind my back, which would be a great mistake. More likely they will wait until I go, then cache it in one big hurree without stopping to look in the bushes. You, my friend, will then be watching from those bushes."

"You won't be very popular by then. I can't get there till the Warwicks go to a neighbor's bridge game. They may cache you, instead."

Quickly he and Chatterji completed their arrangements. By now the train was nearing the camp ground and dusk was falling.

THAT night at dinner, Charley was prey to a deep and growing anxiety. The meal was leisurely served, the wines savored, and the hands of the clock already stood past nine. Chatterji had been entertaining the mountaineers more than three hours.

Finally the Warwicks rose to go to their bridge game, which Charley had already declined. He walked with his hosts to the driveway, where he waited till the car lights disappeared.

Turning up the collar of his dinner jacket, he crept to the thickets just beyond the light of the campfires. A Bengali baboo crouched by one of the fires, a bottle of palm toddy at his elbow, talking expansively with a grim-faced hillman.

If Charley could trust his hunter's instincts, his good friend and great ally was cornered and at bay. The hillman, no doubt the smuggler chief, was poised over him, his hand not far from his knife.

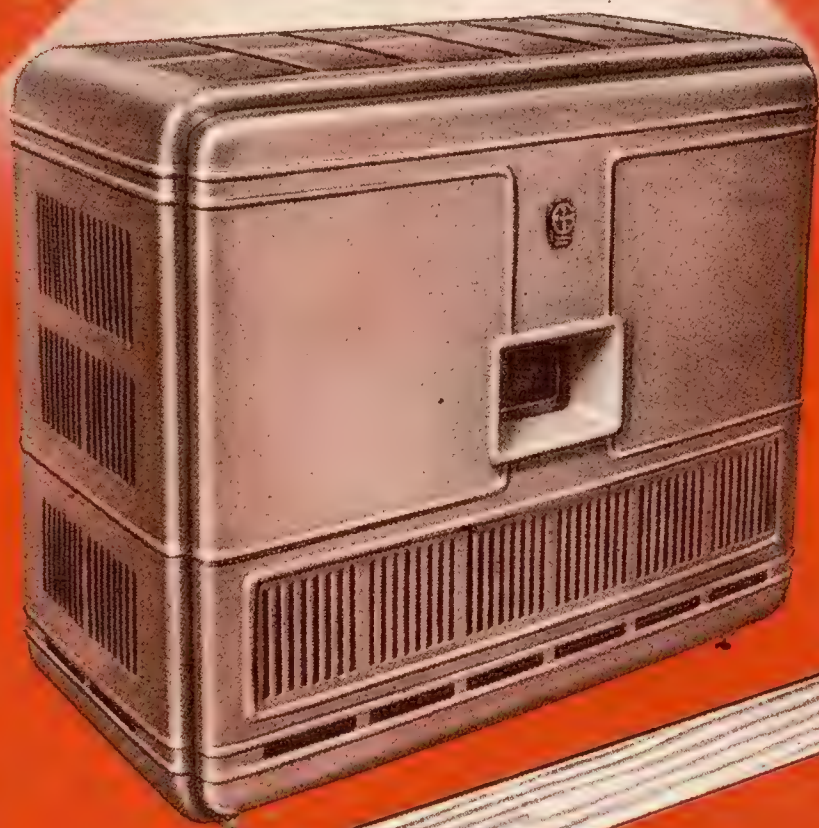
Charley signaled his presence with a perfect imitation of a wood pigeon's call. According to their plans, Chatterji would now take his leave and slog off up the road, then the caravaneers would hastily cache their opium in Charley's sight. Instead the Bengali answered the signal with another—a little finger in his ear. It meant Charley was to come at once.

His heart pounding, he brazenly emerged on the camp ground. The squatting caravaneers stood up and turned sullen glances. He had already perceived that he could not help Chatterji unless they regarded him as their ally rather than their enemy. Indeed there might be two murders in the next few minutes. His attitude and manner indicated

(Continued on page 64)



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(Continued from page 62)

that he was one of Warwick's lieutenants.

"I'll look after this fellow," Charley told the smuggler chief in the Bhutanese vernacular. Then in English he addressed Chatterji:

"What are you doing here?"

"Keep it up," the Bengali whined in the same tongue and with hope reviving in his eyes. "Act tough. You're a big sahib in Warwick's employ. And don't give this man a chance to speak to the others."

Charley turned to the headman and again employed Bhutanese: "I think he's only a silly baboo—"

"Nay, sahib, he's the very one—"

"Hold your tongue till I question him." Then, in a stern tone to Chatterji: "Give me the rest, quick."

"His name is W-a-n-g." Chatterji spoke servilely. "He's a cold-blooded murderer whom I tracked down five years ago, and he's recognized me."

"Has he told the others?"

"No, I've kept him talking."

The hillman's hand was stealing under his woolen coat. "Wang, don't move or speak till I give you word," Charley commanded him in low tones. "I see what must be done." Then facing Chatterji he said:

"He's got to die."

"It's either he or I."

IT was also the campaign against Warwick wholly lost if Wang warned him that Chatterji, babbler of two fabulous emeralds, was a secret agent of the C.I.D.

"Are you armed?" he asked Chatterji.

"I've got a pistol."

"Are you quick with it? Our chances are better if he starts the fight and you shoot in self-defense."

"Bloody quick."

"I'll tell you when it's coming."

His heart burning, Charley turned to the silent men behind him and spoke Bhutanese in a commanding tone. "All of ye watch this man, but do not lay hands on him. If he's up to mischief, great care must be taken. Wang, you talked to him in Hindustani. Follow me."

The big wolfish-eyed hillman, never doubting Charley's authority, followed him to the edge of the firelight, out of hearing of the others.

"Wang, I think that Bengali is a spy for the police."

"He is a police headman, sahib! As he questioned us about our gods—foolish talk—I studied his face, and it is the same that brought woe upon me in Gangtok five years ago. Only by the great sahib's help did I escape the hangman—"

"Have you told your fellows?"

"Nay, for they are hotheaded, and only just now was I certain—"

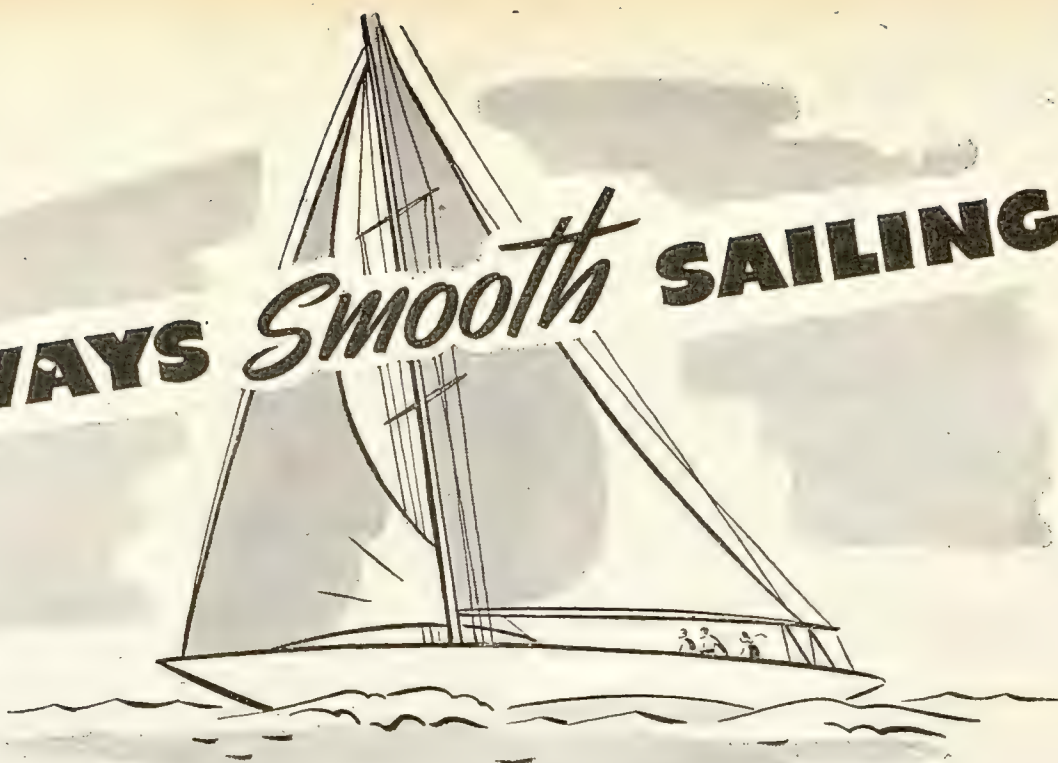
"Has he seen what is under the wool?"

"A while ago—before my eyes were opened—he looked at the bales, feigning childish curiosity. No doubt he felt the boxes."

"You did wisely to say nothing."

(Continued on page 68)

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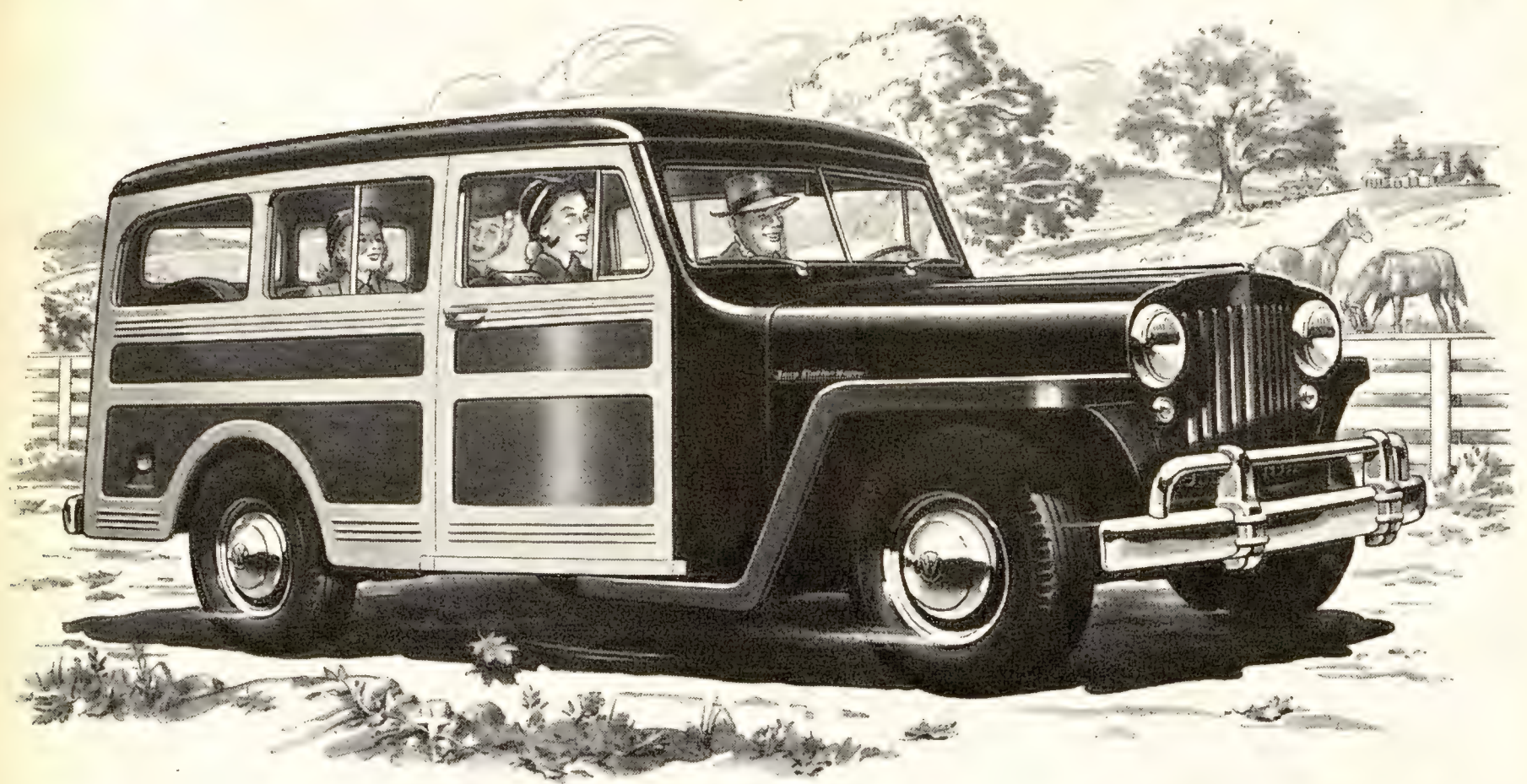
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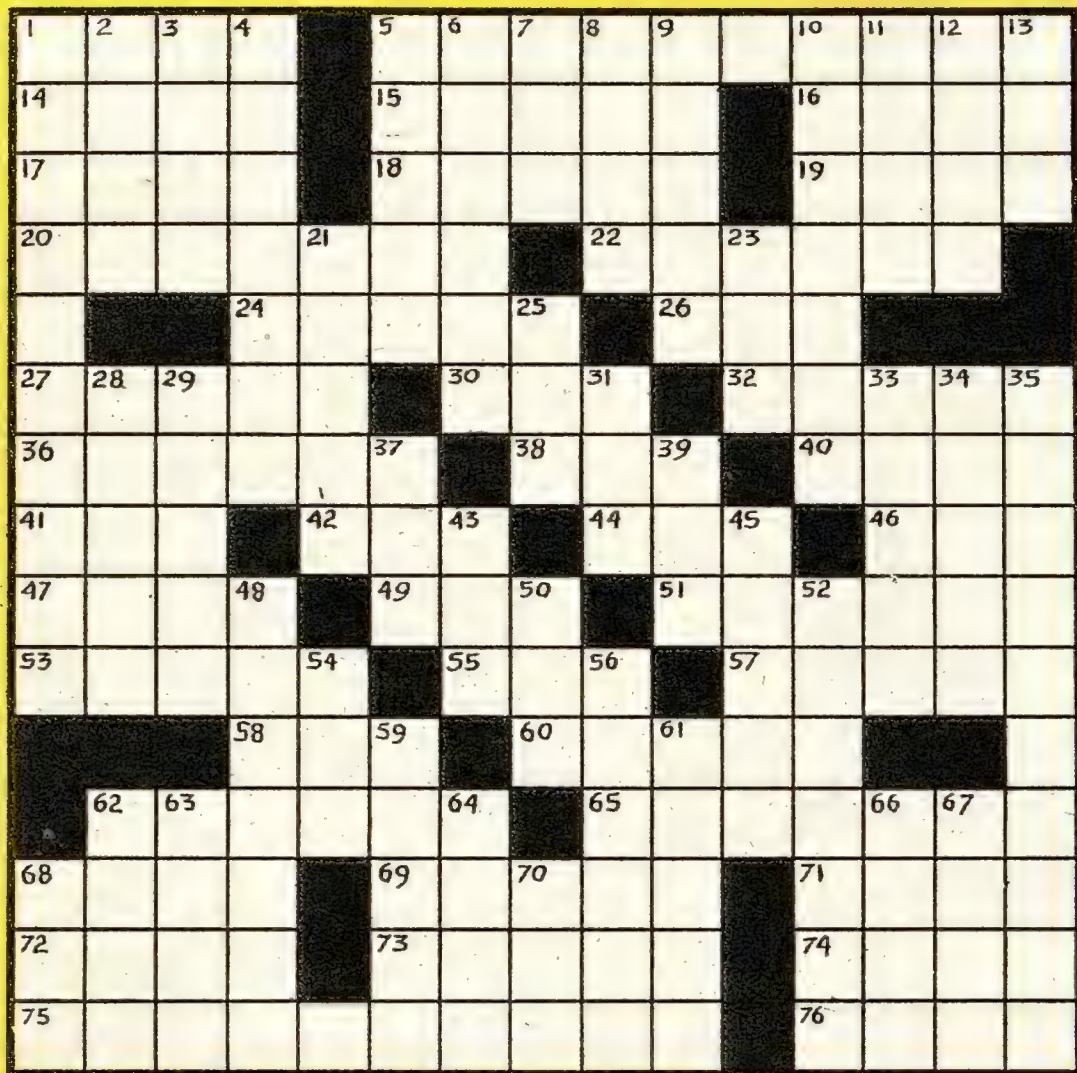


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COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Black mark the bum writer left on the pages of literature
- 5 Voted least likely to concede, this man of promise believes in the worst money can buy, makes few deliveries after the 15th of November
- 14 This precedes the fall
- 15 The gal who inspired Shelley
- 16 He believes in social insecurity, takes out employment insurance
- 17 Stoa in kiln (anag.)
- 18 One dead, helped
- 19 Lived on \$25 per under present condishes
- 20 Ear bashers
- 22 Rogued individual
- 24 200-pound ham
- 26 Still
- 27 D'Artagnan carved his way into the Hall of Fame with it
- 30 Food for a Georgia cracker (Silly boy!)
- 32 Toad tors
- 36 "Should this salad be —?" asked the host. "Yes, out the window!" said the guest
- 38 He believes in the undignity of labor
- 40 The honest horticulturalist was as good as his
- 41 The exclamatory Miss Clare
- 42 Color they're thinking of removing from the flag
- 44 Well-known English ballads
- 46 Gandhi'd walk one for a Camel
- 47 Butts
- 49 Pulchritudinous orbful
- 51 What professors' wives do in the Complaint Dept.
- 53 Fair crossing, during which she legs are displayed
- 55 Windy escape hatch, kept wide open for unloading of unimportant items (fem.)
- 57 Swedishmale
- 58 Kind of shaft
- 60 Who'll sponsor an hour of silence on this? A mattress company?
- 62 Feline chewing gum

BARBERSHOP	RACE
IDEA	OPERA
LIPS	OASES
LEASES	SATIRIST
SUN	ATH
PREEN	RESWAB
BRASSRAIL	SPIILL
OILY	STEAM
STACK	SCRATCHES
SASHES	EGRET
OPAL	EMS
NEGLIGEE	OTTERS
EZIO	GALES
SANG	EVASDE
SHAY	DEMITAISSES

October Answer

- 65 Once established, here's the means for a plant to get up in the world
- 68 — *soit qui mal y pense*
- 69 Kind of berth you take in Hawaii
- 71 Jo (I'm half sure you'll not get him; he's in the jug) hn
- 72 Female with a low register in the toot tubes
- 73 No man can deny it's an earful (anag.)
- 74 The wave in the flag, twinkle in the I
- 75 Tightness felt about the money belt, causes psychopathic psaving
- 76 "Once upon a —!" the electrician began

VERTICAL

- 1 What Cass Daley goes for a ride on on Halloween
- 2 Low-grade propagandist
- 3 Pile-up on Pelion
- 4 Their motto, "The wagers of tin is dearth," makes little cents
- 5 Baldwins whose heads come to a point
- 6 "O, no sir! I pray thee!" cried the pious maid, "I love

another — (anag.)

- 7 —!"
- 8 Rite way to fill in an X-word (anag.)
- 9 Our motto: Never put off to — what you can do tomorrow!
- 10 Cow chat in ough-ly Injun talk (anag.)
- 11 One of the corniest places in America
- 12 First undertaking job
- 13 Lily-white Land
- 21 No waiter's going to take this from any customer if he can help it
- 23 Pushpull, pushpull, pushpull
- 25 thgin yadrutaS rof no teg ot desu dad tahW
- 28 Kind of headed people who worshiped this idol—darn Teuton, they did!
- 29 Indian anthem: — Can You See?
- 31 Seagoing rattlewagon
- 33 Ruddy wench
- 34 Helen, the Romantic Soap Opera Queen
- 35 Transform a '22-model body into a '48 at the beauty mechanic shoppe (fem.)
- 37 What pansies wash their faces with
- 39 Par in skirts
- 43 He took first prize at the cat show: the cat
- 45 If they'd only end, and not do this to the Beguine
- 48 Hunk
- 50 The real Red Menace
- 52 Needled
- 54 Piece of sandwich
- 56 Manufacturer of eyewash
- 59 Expensive winter heating plant
- 61 Noodle-factory foremen
- 62 Result of a dam good femle being unable to say neigh
- 63 Agin
- 64 Action à la mode
- 66 All we can do on each other
- 67 In two words, what the old maid prayed to be sent her
- 68 Endowed
- 70 I

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

"Don't be LEAD astray,"

Says Mr.T.



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"Three Pepsi-Colas and a shot of red-eye for the dude here!"

(Continued from page 64)
Say nothing now, but in silence obey my command."

"Yea, sahib."

"I will talk further to him, and hold his eyes. Then you will steal up behind him and put your knife through his back."

Charley strode back and again confronted Chatterji. "Get ready and watch my hands," he ordered harshly. "When I start to clap them, whirl and shoot."

"Give him time to draw his knife if you can. I'll need only a second."

"He's coming in."

Chatterji bowed and raised his hands as though to salaam. That brought them close to his armpit. Wang's hand was stealing toward his knife in a wooden sheath. As he drew it he sprang forward.

Charley clapped his hands. In the swirling violence of the scene, it was unlikely that any of the watchers noticed the signal. The Bengali whirled with a speed foreign to his seeming sloth, a blue-steel revolver out and blazing. Wang appeared to run into a stone wall. His murderous expression was strangely wiped from his face and it went swiftly blank as the knife fell from his hand. Then he toppled headlong.

Such sudden death appalled even these mountain wolves. Charley seized the advantage of their brief daze to take command of the yet desperate situation.

"Hold ye!" he barked in Bhutanese to the inert forms about him. "No man speak or move, lest more trouble come. It is the *dewanee* [madness] that came upon Wang that he should attack the fool, but I will stand between ye and the police." He turned to Chatterji, still holding his revolver with a terrified expression on his face. "Give me your weapon." Charley spoke now in Hindustani, which some of the smugglers understood.

Chatterji held it out. "I shot in defense of my life, sahib—"

"What wrong did you do him that he should attack you?"

"How do I know? True, I spoke mockingly of the old lama—"

"It is not well that this reach the police. If it does, I and these others will not have seen Wang draw his knife—and you will have to answer for his death."

"Sahib, I will go my own way with locked lips—"

CHARLEY ordered the quaking Bengali to march ahead of him up the path toward Diwingari. They did not pause or speak until they were out of sight of the fires. Then Chatterji wiped his face.

"Don't have any regrets for Wang. He murdered a sweetmeat seller five years ago in cold blood. The fellow had no doubt blundered onto a load of opium—and it was that same Punjabi now called Newar who established his alibi."

"It's a red-handed game, isn't it? Well, what now?"

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"You've got to circle back and try to watch them cache the opium. It's in foil boxes—I think identical with Warwick's tea packages."
"I've hardly got the guts. Well, if they see me I can tell them I've come back to cover up the shooting. But you'd better make tracks."

"Wait a minute. We've got to figure out what to tell Warwick."
To work it out took precious moments. No thought must cross Warwick's mind that Chatterji or Charley suspected what was under the wool, or had ever met before. Then Charley circled back to the fires.

One glance told him he was too late. Every bale had been broken into and was visibly smaller. The men were making their beds for the night. It seemed almost certain that the opium had been cached in the old dak bungalow. Tomorrow Chatterji could survey the scene through binoculars, in hope of following the shipment into Warwick's tea factory. Certain gains had been made—perhaps the most important, Charley's complete realization of the deadliness and magnitude of this big-game hunt and that only by extreme measures could he win.

He was waiting in the salon when his hosts returned. Dorothy's eyes narrowed at sight of him. Warwick's had a brilliant sheen.

"I've waited up for you, old man," Charley said in good control of his voice and countenance. "I'd better talk to you alone."

WHEN Dorothy had gone to her room, Charley told the story he and Chatterji had concocted. Charley had taken a walk to make himself sleepy, seen the fires, investigated, and found the Bengali that had called here this morning in a quarrel with a Bhutanese caravaner named Wang. The hillman was furious over what Charley had gathered was the baboo's veiled inquiries about a green-eyed idol!

"It would be quite possible for a Sanskrit scholar to have heard of those emeralds," Warwick remarked.

Charley replied that he scoffed at the idea in the baboo's hearing and had tried to calm Wang, but a fight had followed in which the fanatical lamaist had been killed by a wild shot from the terrified Bengali's pistol. Luckily Charley had been taken for someone in authority and had managed to hush the matter up. In fact, the mountaineers had been glad to avoid inquiries in the foolish fear that their wool be confiscated.

The only person who could have denied the story had been buried in the jungle. It should cover any report made to Warwick by the smugglers. Warwick looked exultant—only Charley's stupidity had prevented the discovery of the opium.

"I'll talk to the baboo tomorrow. If he's heard of the idol, I'll steer him off," he said. "Now you'd better hit the sack. You look all in."

"Right—and if you don't mind, I'm going to put off the trip into Bhutan



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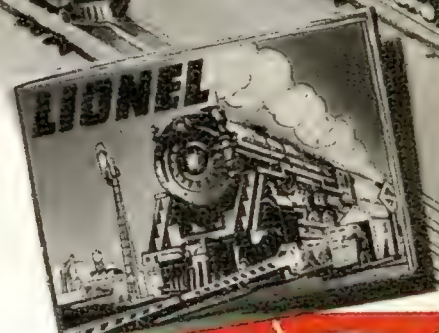
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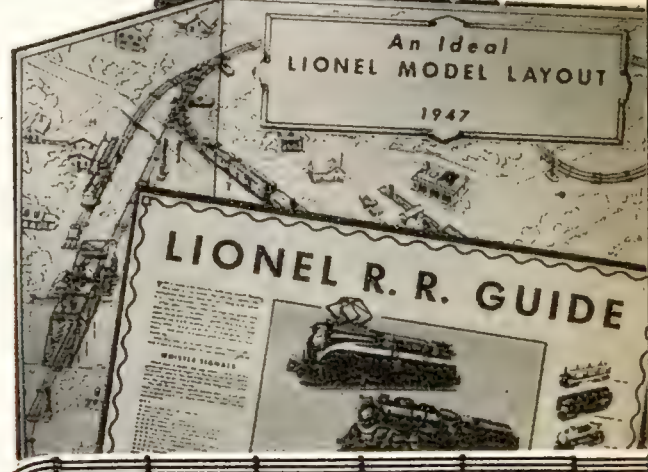
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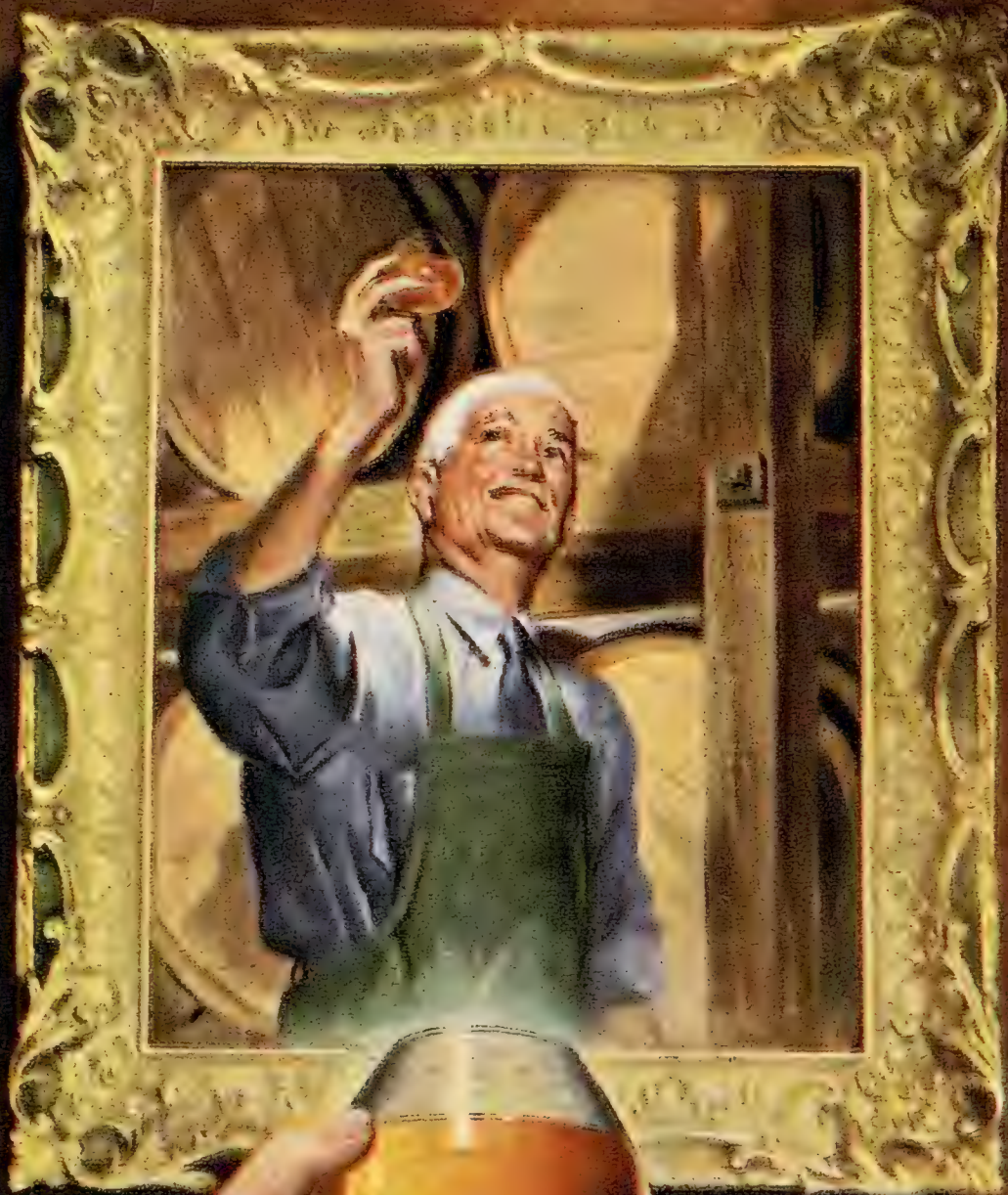
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until the day after tomorrow. I need my wits about me in that deal."

After breakfast Charley announced he would try his eye on wood pigeons. After shooting enough birds for a mess, he made for a native house that had been his schoolroom long ago. There he sent old Yuanlin to summon Chatterji.

The Bengali was not at all surprised to hear of the swift disappearance of the opium. Plainly the smugglers had an efficient method of caching it and he hoped to trace it into Warwick's hands that night.

In the dim cool room it was not so hard as Charley had expected to tell Chatterji of his love affair and of Warwick's strange attitude toward it. Finally Chatterji spoke:

"Charley, I've seen more evil on this job than I knew was in the world, but little as black as that."

"What do you mean, Chatterji?"

"It's plain to me now why he took your bait of two imaginary emeralds. You would go to the risk and trouble of stealing them—but he would find a way to have both of them. That would score over you—Howard Davis' son—partly pay you off for the hold you have on Dorothy that he's never been able to break. But that wouldn't be nearly enough to satisfy his hate."

"WHAT more does he want?"

"An excuse to kill you!" Chatterji seized Charley by the wrist "It's coming clear now. Don't you see? Maybe you'd try to run off with both stones. But he couldn't be sure—anyway that isn't a good motive for a pukka sahib to commit murder. But if you also seduce his wife—"

"That's incredible."

"Not to a psychologist, my friend! Do you know what persuaded me that your crazy charge against him was true? I remembered him saying to a friend that opium was a boon to the people—so they could forget their troubles! He's one of those criminals who must find justification for their crimes—the most dangerous type of criminal."

"It won't be safe to rub me out here, so why not—"

"Go on, Charley. You're on the straight track."

"Why not have a hillman knock me off in Bhutan with the loot in my pocket? But it won't be a real hillman—it will only look like it. Instead, it will be his best triggerman, right here on the ground—Newar."

"You can prevent Newar from going with you into Bhutan—"

"Perhaps, but that would only delay Warwick, not destroy him. Why not let it look like I'm falling into his trap? If I caught Newar trying to murder me, he'd talk!"

Chatterji looked into Charley's wickedly shining eyes. "I believe you can make him chatter like a bloody monkey. Taken with all the rest, his testimony in court would send Warwick to penal servitude for ten years. But mind you, Charley, an attempt on your life would ac-

ually have to be made, not just planned."

"Well, I'm going to do it. I'll start on the trip tomorrow, and make it easy for Newar to go along."

"You're flipping a coin with death."

THE tension eased a little as they discussed details. It was decided that Chatterji would take no part in the expedition, since his presence in the outfit would alarm Warwick.

Charley returned through the scrub, occasionally shooting at pigeons. His eye, he reported to Warwick after tiffin, appeared as quick as ever.

Warwick supplied him with an express rifle and camp gear. Contrary to what he had implied before, he revealed that he did not know the exact location of the jeweled idol—it was in a pagoda "south of Tagon" which Charley could discover by *bukhing* with the natives.

Charley had not doubt of Warwick's motive when he discussed with him plausible plans for the theft of the imaginary emeralds. He said that when he had located the pagoda he would lay a bait near by and have the camp boys build a blind for him in a near-by tree. From thence he could operate in the dead of night—and Warwick was thinking how handily Newar could operate under these conditions.

"What are you going to do about a cook?" Warwick asked.

"I dare say I can make out with Bhutanese cooking."

"There's no use of subjecting yourself to that. I've a high-caste Nepalese in my crew who's an excellent cook. His name is Newar."

IN the morning Warwick had a compact camping outfit trucked to Diwingari, and Charley set out on a pony, Newar in Nepalese dress striding behind him.

At the village Charley could have his choice of fifty stout Bhutanese for trackers and camp boys. He chose Nathoo and Dorja, whose mettle had been proved in the elephant hunt; Sutta, who had given him some opium yet unsmoked; and about a dozen others.

"Will you go with your student, Holy One?" he asked Yuanlin. "There is big game afoot."

"Would I rest my old bones at home?" the guru said. "Also I have provided you with a cook."

"I am a good cook," Newar broke in. "I have a letter from a sahib."

"Doubtless you have cooked for the Viceroy," Yuanlin told him, "but only one of our own shall cook for our own." He turned to Charley, his dim eyes glinting. "So, chela, I have asked a tried friend and an old hill-woman, once her ayah, to come."

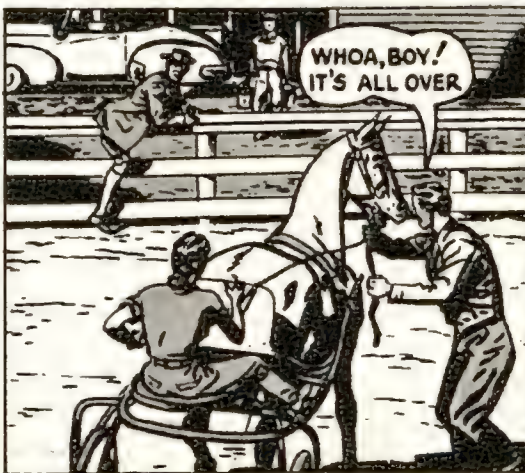
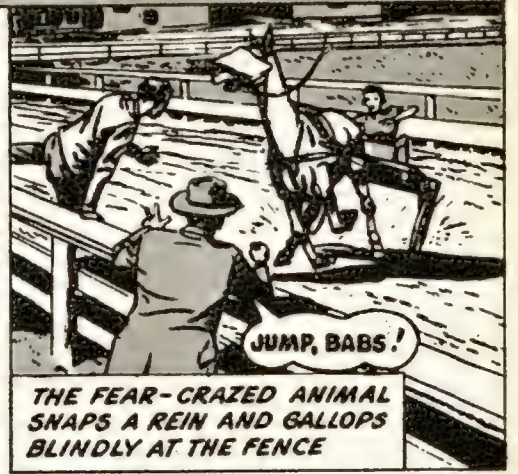
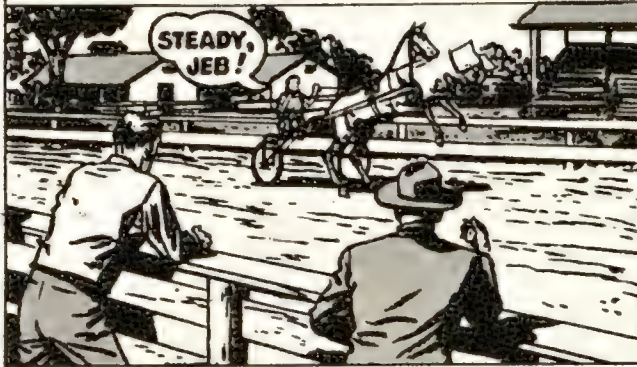
Out of a near-by door came Judy, dressed for the trail, her big-calibered rifle under her arm, and excitement in her eyes.

"Wait for me, Charley!" she called.

To be continued in the next issue.

TOM STOPPED THE RUNAWAY AND THEN...

WATCHED BY HER DAD AND A PASSERBY, "BABS" WEBB IS GIVING HER FAVORITE TROTTER HIS MORNING WORKOUT WHEN...



WHAT GERMAN GIRLS SEE IN AMERICAN MEN

Continued from Page 19

ican women. The German girl be-guiles and charms him by her grate-fulness, her looking up to him, and the easy natural manner in which she subjects herself. And she never fails to astound and delight the American man by the way she takes over his household.

But there is a more profound psy-chological reason why hundreds, even thousands, of Americans in Germany are braving torturing ob-stacles to buck American opinion in marrying German girls and bring-ing them to America. The American is deeply moved by the tragedy that the war has brought to the German woman through the collapse of her old established world and the ab-sence of anything to take its place. Imperceptibly, most Americans who have fallen in love with German girls have involved themselves in this tragedy.

It is an involvement that was suc-cinctly expressed by a plain soldier. "This German girl of mine," he said—"I don't know what she'd do with-out me. She'd be lost. There's noth-ing for her in this country. She hates everybody here. She hates all the krauts." Once a German girl has made her escape from the "vacuum" via a serious love affair

with an American, she can hardly sink back into it without experi-encing a mental catastrophe.

The German psychoanalyst, Dr. Werner Kemper, whose chief work is a Freudian analysis of sexual im-potence and frigidity, says that frat-ernization between Allied men and German women was inevitable. Among mental depressives—and Kemper describes Germany's na-tional sickness today as a "creep-ing mental depression"—the love function deteriorates and impotence is frequent. The German male with his brooding obsession of inferior-ity and insecurity is the opposite of a healthy partner.

Thus the German woman finds in the Allied man, particularly the American, the most satisfying es-cape from the German "vacuum" into the nearest thing resembling normalcy.

This situation has produced a revolutionary change in the psy-chology of German life.

For two years now, Dr. Kemper and his group of mental specialists in Berlin have been charting the consequences of this change.

Kemper can point to the great per-centage of German married couples who do not live together any more in the connubial sense; the 25,000 divorce petitions up before the Ber-lin courts alone; the impressively high statistics on suicide and psy-choses; the bitterness on the part of the German male over the "Amer-

icanization" of German women; and the fact that German women are far less concerned over the wartime loss of their men than they are over the loss of their possessions.

The homey possessions, with which she always had a strong libidinous connection, were destroyed in the bombings, or later dribbled away in barter. The final blow was the dis-illusion that came with the return of the yearned-for male, now no longer strong or aggressive.

Into this dilemma walked the conquering Allied men, several mil-lions of them, all bearing rare ma-terial gifts and flaunting a strong, healthy, aggressive personality.* To the German woman's utter astonish-ment and gratitude, she was treated in a manner to which she had never been accustomed. She had always considered herself man's chattel.

The American invariably treats the German girl the same way he would an American girl—with gen-tleness, equality, and fun-loving comradeship. Being put on a pedestal is a novel and deeply gratifying ex-perience for the German girl. She worships the American for it.

It is not surprising when one Ger-man girl, although only 24, explains it this way: "I can't get over the

*Editor's Note: As a political intelligence officer during the war, the author was sent with the first troops penetrating German soil to find out how a hostile invaded state would receive our soldiers. An amazing prophetic answer came from a clever German woman in Kornelimünster. "Your troops," she said, "will be welcomed as—MEN!"

"I bought this woman for my own... and I'll kill the man who..."

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In America's Most Dan-
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Her Crimson Hair!

The story of those dauntless men and women who dare a thousand dangers to keep America unconquered, as they drew the map of a new nation across the wilderness, in line of their own blood.

feeling that my American friend is my son or younger brother. I'm not the slightest bit afraid of him. He couldn't be cruel like a German."

This particular German girl, and a great many like her, has assimilated herself into the American world which has grown up inside Germany. United States offices and military installations are heavily staffed with personable German girls who talk American, behave like Americans, eat American food, listen to American radio programs, sing American songs, read American comics and popular magazines. Defeat has become victory for them; thus the "neurosis of defeat" disappears. They identify themselves with the American conquerors, often speak of the Germans as "krauts," and their romantic hero image of a husband and mate revolves naturally around some American in the office.

Often the attachment becomes too strong to be broken. Dr. Kemper cites two cases which symbolize this psychological attachment of many Americans with German women. One affair is still, after 18 months, in the process of being resolved. The other ended in a double suicide.

The former concerns an American of considerably more-than-average intelligence. He had met the girl in the usual casual way. She is attractive but nowhere near his match intellectually. Like many another Fräulein, she has no established home. Her fiancé had come back

from the war a bitter, twisted relic of a once-arrogant German officer.

The American led an on-and-off boy-and-girl relationship with her for several months, then slowly she became more and more a part of his life and consciousness. He had never before had to provide or be responsible for anyone. He had never before experienced the ego-satisfaction of someone being deliriously happy and grateful at his presence.

The American is a well-brought-up youth from a Middle Western city. Chivalry and kindness toward womenfolk are in his bones. He was painfully aware of the girl's utter dependence upon him. He felt as responsible for her as for a child.

Inevitably, the day neared when his mission in Germany ended and he was to go home. The girl could see the security she had built up begin to totter. Marriage was a complicated long-drawn-out affair for occupation personnel. The American could not psychologically throw her over, nor could he bring her to America. His logical mind, moreover, told him that she would never fit into his life in the States. He would be isolated from his family and perhaps even from his friends. She had no comprehension of his intellectual interests, nor was she any aid to his work. He was involved, deeply involved, in her tragic helplessness.

When he was finally forced to leave, he left her with quantities of food and money in the care of Ger-

man friends. Once home, he received letters from Americans whom he had asked to keep an eye on her. The letters sketchily stated that the German friends had ejected her from their home and simply taken over her foodstuffs and clothes. For two months the American searched his conscience, trying to argue with himself that it was none of his affair. Then, in desperation, he wangled an inferior job with the occupation administration and went back to Germany. He found her in a cold, dark, rented room, almost wrecked physically and morally. His presence once more brought her back to health. For the price of quieting his "guilt" conscience, the American is now resigned to the arresting of his career and the uncertain future of both of them.

Although a great many American affairs with German women end happily, the two cases cited above had been caught up in the vortex of mental depression arising out of peculiarly German social conditions. The two Americans, like a good many of their fellow countrymen, had passed out of the American world of normalcy into the German "vacuum." For them, victory had turned into a personal defeat neurosis. Dr. Kemper's dictum of the psychological law that drives defeat-conscious German men to self-destruction had claimed two victims among the conquerors.

THE END

aches her!

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IN the last few years America has come to appreciate its folk-music treasure—the song bag of native music which tells our story as well as any written history.

Fortunately, much of this music is now available on records, and more is planned. Certainly the most exciting event in folk-music recording is the American Folk Music series instituted by Decca.

Here will be a complete panorama of folk song, including virtually every name artist as well as unknown singers who recorded their own songs right in the field and vanished back into oblivion.

Each album will be issued with a Sing-A-Long book, edited by Alan Lomax, the noted folk-music authority—in itself a distinct contribution to the understanding of folk song. The series will be popularly priced, the first being Carl Sandburg's Cowboy Songs and Negro Spirituals album. (Decca A-356; \$5.)

In the classic tradition of folk singing I like the beauty of an album by John Jacob Niles, who was one of the pioneer folk-song collectors, and whose instrument, the dulcimer, is famous in its own right. Called Early American Folk Carols, the album is particularly fitting for the coming holiday season, as it contains many festive folk melodies. (Disc 732; \$3.93.)

Well-known balladeers such as Josh White and Woody Guthrie are available on many labels. Of White's songs I like his collection of Songs on the Asch label (348; \$3.15), although his album Woman's Blues (Disc 661; \$3.68) contains some excellent folk tunes about the feminine sex. Woody Guthrie's most unique contribution to folk music recording, in my opinion, is his Ballads from the Dust Bowl. (Disc 610; \$3.15.)

America is a dancing land, and our folk songs are rich in this category. Virtually every recording company has a folk-dance album. The two I like best are the new Mountain Frolic, an album that brings us songs from Mississippi's Sugar Hill (Brunswick B-1025; \$4) and Country Dance, called by Tiny Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Siller. (Stinson 344; \$3.)

Negro spirituals are a definite part of our folk library, breathing the trials and joys of an era which has gone. An authentic folk singer named Huddie Ledbetter, known more widely as "Leadbelly," has done a fine anthology of these songs in his album Negro Folk Songs. (Disc 660; \$5.25.) Also unusual is the album by Kenneth Spencer. While not sung in the original folk tradition, its contents reflect the life pictured by the songs. (Sonora MS-478, Series E; \$2.62.)

Folk artists in recent news are the charming Susan Reed, whose unusual style (using an Irish harp and a zither) has brought her to the fore as a ballad singer. She has two albums. (Victor, Folk Songs and Ballads, Vol. I, N-1086; and Vol. II, N-1107; \$3 each.) Sonny Terry, whose harmonica and songs caught Broadway's attention in Finian's Rainbow, has cut Whippin' the Blues and All Alone Blues. (Capitol Americana 40003; 65 cents.)

For the serious student of folk song, I suggest the albums of authentic folk music recently issued by the Library of Congress. Titles and prices are available by writing to the director of the Archive of American Folk Song.

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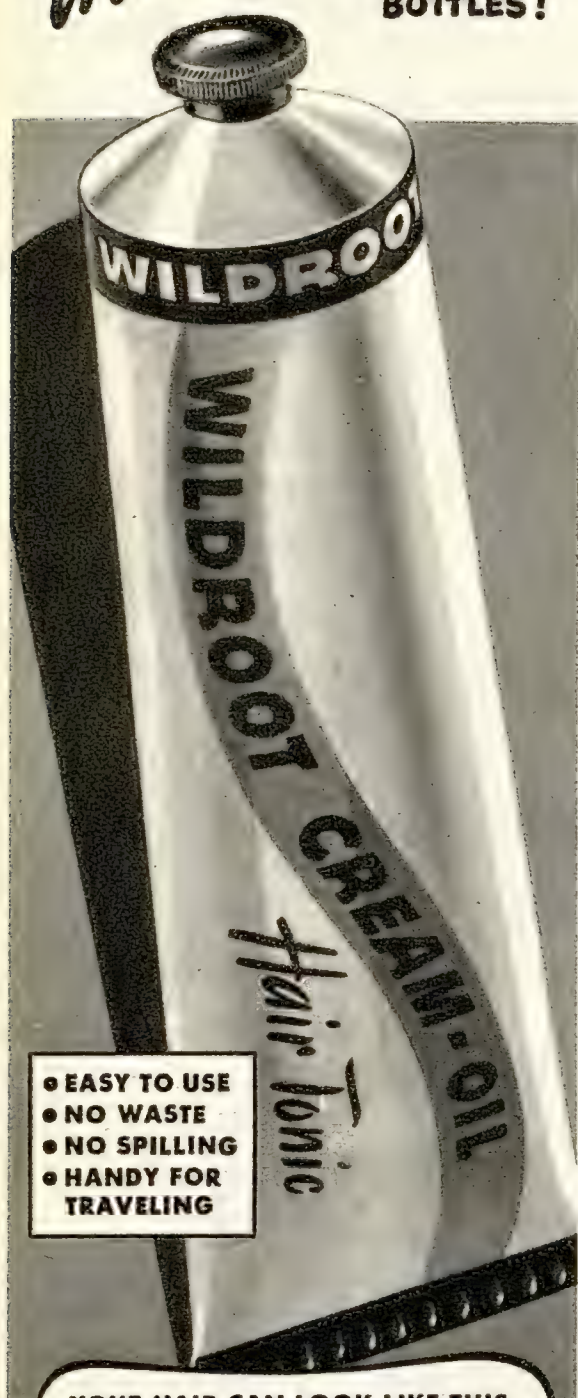
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PINT OF FURY

Continued from Page 21

He picked up the tape measure. "It's a good one," he said. Albert looked pleased. "Maybe," said Jake, "five is enough. You don't want to get in a rut, you know."

He turned away from the bed. Albert hopped down and followed him to the bookcase. From its top Jake took down an Indian basket. He put it on the floor and crouched beside it. Albert watched proudly. In the basket were four tape measures and two scarves and three odd gloves and, the *pièce de résistance*, a woman's hat, small and yellow and with a long striped feather. Jake rolled up the new tape measure. He put it into the basket along with the other loot. "Jimmy Valentine," he commented admiringly, "had nothing on you."

Jake replaced the basket on the top of the bookcase. "We've got a new neighbor," he remarked. "In the basement apartment. I thought you might be interested." Albert made no reply.

Jake replaced his coat and tie with an old sweater, put on slippers and went out to the kitchen and built himself a drink. He sat down in the large chair in the studio and clucked. There was no answer. "Hey," he called, "Albert." Still no answer. He took handfuls of photographs out of the briefcase and began to study them. Albert, mindful of the new neighbor, was gone.

IT was almost an hour before Albert returned. He held the waistband of a gray flannel skirt in his mouth.

"Well," said Jake. "You've out-done yourself this time."

The skirt was small. It was also grimy, a condition to be expected after a five-flight trip up a New York fire escape. Jake looked thoughtful. He said slowly, "I have an idea, young Albert, that you've further impaired relations which were already somewhat—"

"Hey!" The voice came with force from the bedroom. "Hey!"

"—strained," Jake finished.

"Hey! Whoever you are!"

Jake walked slowly into the bedroom, carrying the grimy skirt in his hand. "We've been expecting you," he said.

The small girl paused in the act of coming through the window. She was dressed, somewhat inconsistently, in a snowy blouse and pumps and the blue jeans which Jake had seen before. Her dark hair was uncovered and becomingly rumpled; it glistened damply around her forehead. Her lips were pressed into a straight line. It occurred to Jake that he had not seen them any other way. "Come in," he said tolerantly. "A bit unconventional, but we've come to expect most anything from our neighbors."

The girl dropped to the floor. Her

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mouth opened and closed soundlessly.

Jake put on his most amiable smile. "I'm afraid," he said, "that you misplaced this."

The girl took a deep breath. She snatched the skirt from Jake's hand. "This skirt," she said, "was lying on my bed. It was clean and it was freshly pressed and I was going to put it on."

"Awkward," said Jake. He looked down at Albert. "You heard the lady. Is true?"

Albert chirruped in angry defiance. Jake nodded thoughtfully. "Could happen to anyone," he said.

"And before that," the girl snapped, "I caught him looking in my bathroom window when I'd just come out of the shower!"

Jake nodded again. "Albert," he said, "has nice taste."

There was a deep, strained silence.

Jake said slowly, "Albert and I—"

"Albert and you," the girl interrupted, "are thieves." She slid smoothly through the open window and out onto the fire escape.

JAKE sat at his desk the next morning in the large bright office behind the paneled door marked JOHN MARTIN, *Editor*. Page proofs were piled high in front of him.

The door opened and Miss Starling came in. "The Baltimore assignment still isn't filled," she said.

"Yes," said Jake. He looked up and his eyes were puzzled. "What would there be in a small girl's personality, Miss Starling, that would make her so—ah—so disquieting?"

He saw no change in her face; but then, most of the change was in the vicinity of her chest. She said slowly, "Is that sort of advice included on my salary?"

"No," said Jake. "I suppose not."

Miss Starling said quietly, "There's a Peter Kent to see you."

"Peter Kent?" Jake was sitting upright now. "Trot him in."

A moment Miss Starling hesitated, and then she disappeared into the outer office. Through the door came the small girl of the moving van, of the gray flannel skirt, of the disquieting personality, and she bore the large album into which Jake had pried the evening before.

She stopped short when she saw him.

Jake searched for words. "Welcome," he said. He gestured with his pencil and his eye caught the doodling on the top page proof. He hastily shuffled the pile. "Maybe," Jake said hesitantly, "you'd like to sit down. That's a nice chair, and this one over here—"

"So you're the great John Martin," the small girl said. "The genius before whom all photographers prostrate themselves."

Jake blinked.

"A peeker into albums," the small girl went on. "A stealer of women's skirts. A keeper of larcenous cats."

"I—" said Jake.

"Take it," the girl said savagely.



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She tossed the album onto the desk. "I came clear across the country to show it to you. Take it. And when you've made up your mind about it, write me a letter." She turned away and marched angrily to the door. There she stopped. "In case you haven't caught on yet, I am Peter Kent with the too-short name."

Jake nodded dumbly.

"And," Peter added, "tell your thieving cat to stay away from me and from my windows."

PETER was at the refrigerator, pulling out food, when Albert appeared at the bedroom window.

He peered in, his eyes narrowed and his tail twitching with wariness. Albert was not a cat to give up easily, and the cavalier disposal of the skirt, his skirt, still rankled. He surveyed the room, hoping to find the skirt alone again and unprotected. But it was gone. Albert looked about for another trophy. There was a pair of slippers beneath the bed. One of them would fit nicely into the Indian trophy basket. He dropped silently into the room and went across the floor like a long, striped shadow. He had one of the slippers in his mouth when

Peter appeared from the kitchen.

Peter stopped. She stared at Albert. Albert watched her.

There was a long silence. "So," said Peter softly. Albert set down the slipper. He looked around with the air of a man who finds himself in the wrong hotel room.

Peter wanted to explode, to burst into small furious pieces. But, somehow, the emotional detonator was exhausted. She sat down on the dressing-table bench, feeling strangely hollow and weak. "And now," she said slowly, "you. After everything else, you."

Peter said, "I spent three years learning my trade and practicing it, always with one idea in mind: some day I'd be good enough to meet John Martin and to do work for his magazine. John Martin, John Martin, John Martin—I had him in my mind, fifteen feet tall and nine feet through the shoulders. He would look at my work and find it good. He would look at me and—" She stopped there. "Instead, I find a—a Fagin of a man with an Oliver Twist of a cat!"

It was too much. Albert stalked across the floor. He hopped to the windowsill, flicked his tail with disdain, and dropped out of sight.



"I hate her!"

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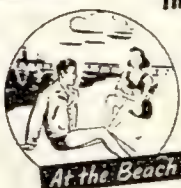
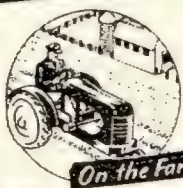
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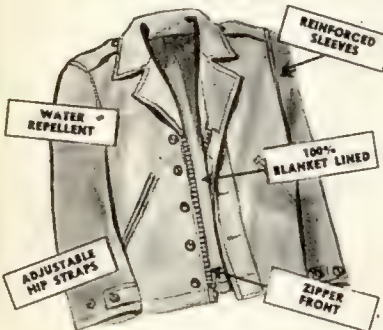
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IT was dusk. In Jake's studio, Albert dozed.

Across the room Jake, in slippers and old sweater, sat brooding. Pretty girls, beautiful girls, glamorous girls, he saw them every day, saw pictures of them, arranged pictures for them, listened to their not-too-subtle flattery, and viewed them all with complete dispassion. Now a small girl with a man's name and a king-sized temper—

There was a knock at the door. Jake unfolded himself and opened it. Miss Starling said, "I hoped I'd find you here."

Jake nodded absently. "I guess I walked out in something of a hurry."

"Yes," said Miss Starling, "you did. Leaving several things suspended in the office." Including me, she thought, as usual. But she left that unsaid. She held out a briefcase. "I brought them."

Jake found his smile. He put it on. "The perfect secretary."

"Yes," said Miss Starling. There was no expression in her face. "I endeavor to give satisfaction."

She was inside now, and somehow the door had got itself closed. On the sofa, Albert glanced at the window. It was sufficiently dark. He dropped to the floor, trotted across the studio, and was gone. Miss Starling said, "Perhaps I could help you with some of those matters."

"Perhaps," said Jake. He was looking at her now, seeing her as he had not seen her before.

"The first thing—" Miss Starling said uneasily.

"Yes?" said Jake. He saw color come into her face and he wondered at its meaning. "The first thing?"

Miss Starling lost her nerve. She felt it go, felt it slide away, and she grabbed at it desperately, but it was gone. "The Baltimore assignment," she said weakly. "That's first."

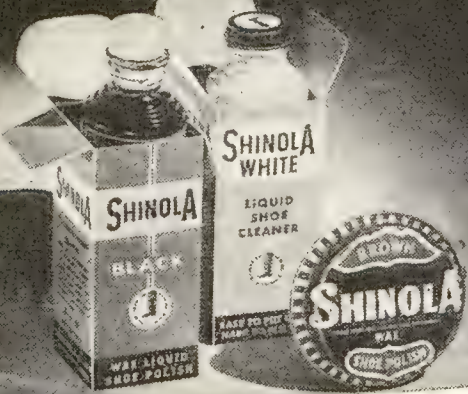
Jake said slowly, "The Baltimore

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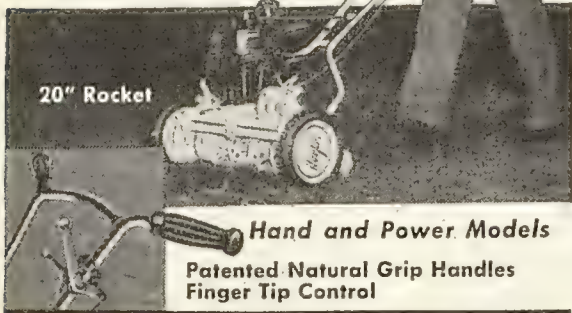
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assignment." He was silent for a moment. "That. I haven't decided—" he began, and there he stopped, and his eyes grew round. "Yes," he said suddenly, "I have. Miss Kent is going to do that assignment. Peter Kent—" It was sheer genius, that was what it was. He wondered that he had not thought of it before.

Miss Starling said quietly, "I see." The color was gone now from her face. She took in a deep breath. "I—" she began.

It was then that Albert, making a triumphal entrance as if on cue, swept downstage. His tail was high and his whiskers curled briskly. He crossed the rug and he laid his prize at Jake's feet. He spoke once, proudly, and he waited for applause.

Out of the silence Miss Starling said, "Now I do see." There was more than the beginning of anger in her voice. She bent and picked the brassiere from the floor.

Jake looked at Albert. "Clever of you," he said. His voice lacked enthusiasm. Albert looked hurt.

AND then, from the direction of the bedroom, Peter appeared. She wore slacks and slippers and a bulky sweater. She marched angrily straight across the room. Albert slid under Jake's big chair, reversed himself and protruded his nose far enough to watch. Peter snatched the brassiere from Miss Starling's hand. "Excuse me, for intruding," she said bitingly. She turned away.

Here was familiar feminine ground. "Excuse me," Miss Starling retorted sweetly. "I didn't know."

Peter stopped short. She spun around. It seemed to Jake that emotion filled the room to overflowing. Peter said, "What do you mean by that?"

"I don't think you need it diagrammed," Miss Starling said. Her eyes were on the brassiere.

"Now—" Jake began placatingly. Miss Starling turned on Jake. Her lips curled. "Very neat. The Baltimore job."

Peter took a deep breath. She expanded visibly. And then her emotional detonator went off with a roar, scattering small pieces of her temper around the room like hail. "Baltimore!" she cried. "I don't know a thing about Balti—"

"You will," said Miss Starling. "It's called pork-barreling, allowable graft in return for favors rendered." Her eyes were on the brassiere in Peter's hand.

"This," Peter said tightly, "was stolen from my apartment by that kleptomaniac cat!"

Miss Starling nodded. "Of course, dear."

Peter's face was white. She was trembling. Jake's eyes were on Miss Starling, finding nothing of the patient secretary in her face.

"You!" said Miss Starling savagely. "The barefoot boy from—"

"You," Jake said to Miss Starling. "The door is behind you."

"She—" Peter began angrily.

"You can't get laughs when you've got
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so Tums for me!"

Says **WILLIAM BENDIX**
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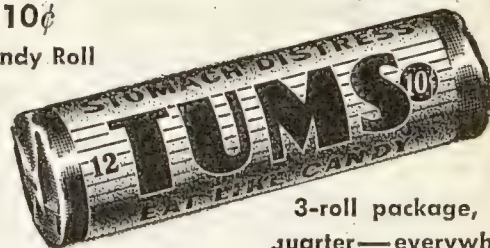
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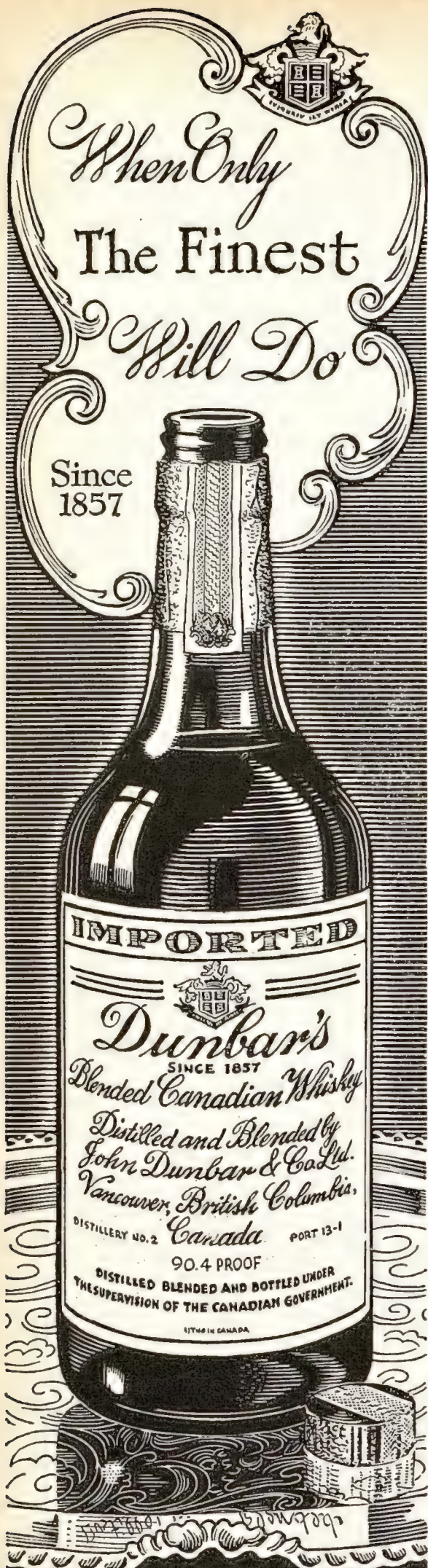
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Jake looked down at her. "You are a pint of distilled fury," he said, "and I want no trouble with you, either. You stay where you are." Peter felt the anger oozing out of her mind. At least fifteen feet tall, she thought, and a great deal more than nine feet through the shoulders.

There was silence. Albert watched the brassière in Peter's hand. Jake looked steadily at Miss Starling until she turned away and opened the door. Then he said, "If you are not at the office in the morning—" He paused. "I hope you're there," he added. "Perfect secretaries are rare." He glanced at Peter and his eyes stopped the words that were in her mind. The door closed.

"Well—" Peter said weakly.

Jake looked down at her. She was standing motionless.

AT that point Albert took over. The frustration of the past twenty-four hours, of the flannel skirt, of the slipper, and now of the brassière, was suddenly entirely too much. He seized the brassière strap in his teeth and his rush carried it free of Peter's hand. Trailing it behind him, Albert flew around the corner and into the bedroom. They heard the sounds of his scrambling progress to the top of the bookcase.

Peter spun around. She started after him. Jake's voice stopped her. "Since you gave it to him," he said quietly, "I think he should be allowed to keep it."

Peter stood quite still. Slowly she turned to look at him. "I gave it to him?"

Her face was white.

"Yes," said Jake. "I saw it when he brought it in. It was clean. He couldn't have carried it up himself and kept it that way. Then when I saw you, I knew."

"Oh," said Peter. It was a small, small sound. She thought of Miss Starling and of the sudden impulse. She turned back to the bedroom door. His voice stopped her again.

"After you come back from Baltimore," Jake said gently, "we'll talk about it further."

"Am I going to Baltimore?"

"Yes," said Jake, "you are. That's your first order."

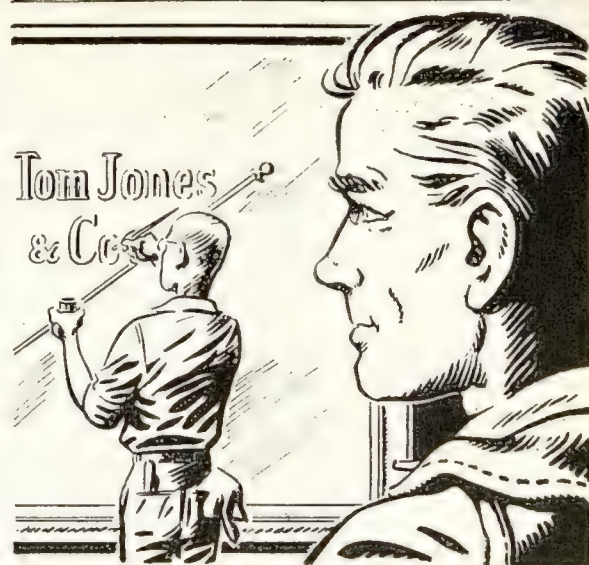
It had a comforting ring. She was looking back over her shoulder. "There'll be others?"

"There will be many others," Jake said gravely. "Among them I think there'll be one regarding that name which is too short."

She studied him for a moment. Then she turned away and walked slowly through the bedroom. She smiled up at Albert, who crouched beside the Indian basket, one forepaw planted firmly upon the trailing brassière. Albert watched her warily. She climbed through the window. Peter Kent Martin, she thought; it did have an impressive ring. It was worth careful consideration.

THE END

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FULL MOON

Continued from Page 40

posedly. "I always thought you were a sort of office boy."

"Me? Vice-president."

"Well, if you can become a businessman, anyone can. I can now squelch Bill properly."

"Bill?"

"A man I know. I met him through Uncle Gally. He's Uncle Gally's godson." Prudence glanced cautiously about her; then drew from the recesses of her costume a photograph. "Here he is."

This might have been the photograph of a kindly gorilla. Bill Lister's mother had been a Strong Woman on the music-hall stage, and one of Gally's dearest friends. Freddie examined the picture closely.

"I've met this bird. At a pub on the outskirts of Oxford called the Mulberry Tree."

"It belonged to his uncle."

"Did it? Then that explains why he was so glued to the premises. We became close cronies. Bill Lister. We used to call him Blister. And he was an artist. So his uncle owns that joint, does he?"

"Not now. He died the other day, and left it to Bill. I want him to chuck being an artist and run the Mulberry Tree. Of course we should need capital."

"We?"

"Bill and I are going to be married."

"Well, I'm dashed. What does Aunt Dora think about it?"

"She hasn't heard about it yet. In fact, we are having a quiet wedding this morning at the Brompton Road Registry Office without telling her. What I feel is that we must confront the family with a . . . What's that French expression?"

"Oo la la?"

"*Fait accompli*. Dish out the *fait accompli*, and then go to Uncle Clarence and say, 'Here's this wonderful business opportunity, needing only a mere fraction of your heaped-up wealth to turn it into a bonanza. I'm your niece. Bill's become your nephew. So how about it?'"

"I guess you're about right, at that. Do you want me to roll up?"

"If you would. Bill's sure to forget to bring a witness. Do come, Freddie, my beautiful Freddie, at twelve sharp."

"I'll be there. We Threepwoods stand by our pals."

INTO the meeting between Frederick Threepwood and William Lister at the Registry Office it is not necessary for the chronicler to go with any wealth of detail. It will be enough to say that they got together and picked up the threads as buddies do after long separation. We may pass to the moment when Bill looked at his watch. Half-past twelve.

"Oh, gosh, you don't think that she

can have changed her mind, do you?"

"My dear Blister! I saw her this morning, and she was all in favour of the binge."

A silence fell, during which Freddie sucked the knob of his umbrella thoughtfully while Bill, who had leaped from his chair as if it had been drawn to his attention that it was red hot, paced the room.

"There's only one thing to be done," Freddie declared some moments later. "I will pop round to Grosvenor Square and make enquiries. You, meanwhile, go and wait for me at Barribault's Hotel."

Sunk in sad reverie, Bill took a cab to Barribault's Hotel.

A few minutes later a cab whirled up, and Freddie stepped out.

"Blister, my poor dear old egg, a wiser man would not have rung Prudence up at her home address and called her a dream rabbit, or, if he did, he would have taken the elementary precaution of ascertaining, before doing so, that he was speaking to her and not to her mother."

"Oh, my God!"

"Naturally, Aunt Dora's suspicions were aroused. Prudence, interrogated, proved furtive and evasive, and the upshot was that Aunt Dora sought counsel of an even bigger hellhound than herself—my Aunt Hermione, now in residence at Blandings. Aunt Hermione was on the telephone first thing this morning, advising her to wait till Prue took the dogs out for their after-breakfast airing, and then go through her effects. She did so, and struck a rich lode—a bundle of about fifty letters from you, each fruitier than the last. Prue, grilled on her return, was forced to admit that you and she were that way, and that you

were a bird short alike on Norman blood and cash. Ten minutes later her packing had begun; Aunt Dora supervising, she weeping bitterly. Now the poor girl is on the train, exiled to Blandings.

"But I'll tell you what I have done," pursued Freddie. "I remembered Prue telling me that you were Uncle Gally's godson, and I phoned him to meet us here. In fact," said Freddie, as a cab came to a halt with a grinding of brakes, "here, if I mistake not, Watson, is our client now."

A trim, dapper, perky little gentleman in the middle fifties emerged from the cab. He advanced towards them jauntily.

He at once settled his little flock at a table in the lounge.

"Now then," he said, "what's it all about?"

He nodded intelligently from time to time as the narrative proceeded, and when it had wound to its conclusion removed his eyeglass and polished it. "Can't leave the poor child crying her eyes out, alone in the middle of a pack of wild aunts. You book a ticket to Market Blandings, Bill, and establish yourself at the Emsworth Arms."

"What's Blister supposed to do at the Emsworth Arms?" Freddie wanted to know.

"Got to sleep somewhere, hasn't he? During the day he'll be up at the castle, of course, painting the pig."

"Painting the pig?"

"Ah yes, I should have explained. Your aunt Dora informed me the other day that Clarence, your father, had written to her, asking her to get him an artist to paint the portrait of his pig. Bill shall fill the long-felt want."

After adjuring Bill to be patient and stay in seclusion at the Ems-



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Paris, and bring back the pendant with you."

An uncle's obligations were sacred to the Hon. Galahad, and he arrived at Blandings on the eve of his niece Veronica's birthday. He had left London in a glow of accomplishment. A chance meeting with his brother Clarence, en route to Bond Street, had given Gally the chance to propose and secure the acceptance of that patient lover, Bill Lister—hastily rechristened Mr. Landseer—as portrait painter to the Empress of Blandings. Mr. Landseer was to present himself at the castle at tea-time next day, a matter easily arranged by Gally later in conference with Bill at the Emsworth Arms.

If there was one thing Gally liked it was to scatter light and sweetness, and he rose next morning in a mood of quiet happiness. After breakfast, he chatted in the rose garden with Colonel Wedge, who confided a fatherly fear that Veronica was going into a decline with a broken heart. Tipton Plimsoll, though so obviously in love, had taken no further steps.

Gally lost no time in paying a call on the young man in his room, drawing him out on the subject of his feelings for Veronica, and priming him with self-confidence. When Gally departed, he took away with him, over a slight reluctance on its owner's part, a large whisky flask upon which Tipton had confessed dependence.

HARDLY an hour hence, Lady Hermione, on an errand to Veronica's room, came upon a spectacle that she feared for an instant might be a mirage. Halfway down the corridor one of the richest young men in America was clasping her daughter to his chest and bestowing a kiss.

"Veronica!" she cried. A lesser woman would have said "Whoopee!"

Tipton turned. "It's quite O.K.," he assured her. "We're engaged."

"Oh, Tipton!" she said. "I am delighted. You must be very happy, Veronica. Such a lovely birthday present for you, darling."

"Jiminy Christmas!" Tipton cried, aghast. "Is this your birthday? And I haven't got you a present. Where can I get you a present?"

"Shrewsbury," said Veronica. She was at her best when answering straightforward questions like that.

"Then in about a couple of hours anticipate a pleasant surprise."

Bill Lister made his appearance on schedule, and, as Mr. Landseer, was presented by Gally to his patron, Lord Emsworth. The Earl was just off the train from London, and preoccupied with the need for stimulant. Lady Hermione, seated behind the teapot, was unable entirely to conceal the fact that she regarded Mr. Landseer as a pest and an intruder, but she supplied him with a cup of tea.

After some general conversation, Lord Emsworth said that he thought he ought to be going down and

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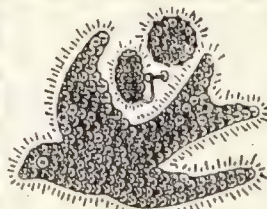
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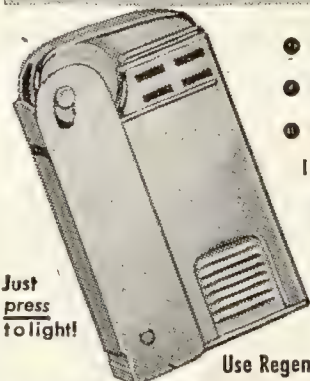
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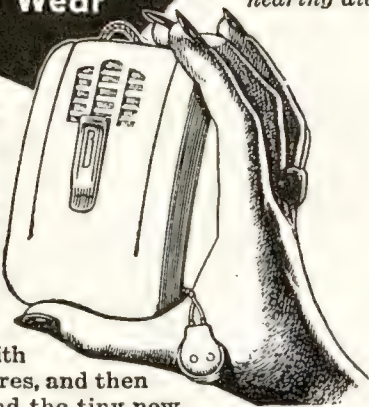
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seeing Pott, his pig man, in case the latter should have anything of interest to report concerning the affairs of the Empress during his absence. At this moment Gally was summoned to the telephone by Beach, the butler. Bill awoke from a reverie on his favourite subject of Prudence to the realization that he was alone with his hostess.

A silence ensued. The two were eyeing each other with embarrassment when Freddie came in.

As Freddie's eyes adjusted themselves to the subdued light, his mouth, as was its habit in times of emotion, fell open like a letter box.

"Blister!"

Lady Hermione, on whose heart the name "Lister" was deeply graven, leaped in her chair.

"Well, well, well!" pursued Freddie, beaming. "This is fine, this is splendid. So you've seen reason, Aunt Hermione? I was hoping your sterling good sense would assert itself. I take it that you talked Aunt Dora over, or propose to do so at an early date. Now that you are wholeheartedly on the side of love's young dream, I anticipate no trouble in that quarter. Tell her from me, in case she starts beefing, that Prue could find no worthier mate than good old Bill Lister. One of the best and brightest. I've known him for years. And if he chucks his art, as he has guaranteed to do, and goes into the pub-keeping business, I see no reason why the financial future of the young couple should not be extremely bright. They will need a spot of capital, of course, but that can be supplied. I suggest a family round-table conference, at which the thing can be thoroughly gone into. Heartiest congratulations."

THROUGHOUT this harangue Lady Hermione had been sitting with gleaming eyes.

"Have you finished, Freddie?"

"Eh? Yes, I think that covers it."

"Then I should be glad," said Lady Hermione, "if you would go and see Beach and tell him to pack Mr. Lister's things, if they are already unpacked, and send them to the Emsworth Arms. Mr. Lister will be leaving the castle immediately."

It was only when he was almost at the door of the butler's pantry that it occurred to Freddie that where he ought to be was back in the drawing room.

Reaching the drawing room, he found that Bill had left, but Prudence had arrived, and her aspect showed only too plainly that she had been made acquainted with the position of affairs. Suddenly there was a patter of feet outside the windows, and Gally tripped in.

"Hullo," he said. "Where's Landseer?"

Lady Hermione was looking like a cook about to give notice on the evening of the big dinner party.

"If you are referring to Mr. Lister, your pub friend, he has gone."

A deep sigh escaped Prudence.

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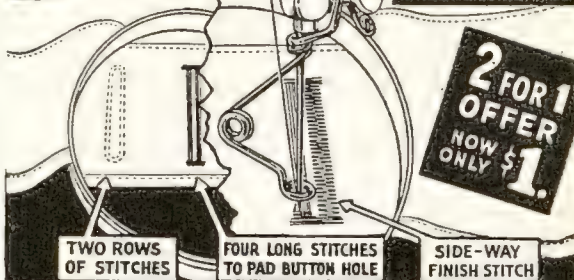
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"She has found out who he was." Gally stared at his sister, stunned by this evidence of what seemed to him a scarcely human penetration. "How the dickens," he asked, awed, "did you do that?"

"Freddie was obliging enough to tell me."

Gally turned to his nephew, and his monocle shot forth flame.

"You young imbecile!"

It was at this point that Veronica came in through the french windows.

She was radiant. She was wearing on her right wrist the best bracelet which Shrewsbury could produce at a moment's notice, and there were other ornaments on her person.

"Oh, Fred-dee," she said, "has Uncle Clarence got back yet?"

"Eh? Yes, the gov'nor is on the premises. You'll find him in the pigsty, I imagine."

"Did he bring your present?"

"Oh, the present? The gift? Yes, I have it here. Here you are, with oomps and good wishes."

"Oh, thank you, Fred-dee," said Veronica, and opened the box he handed her.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEE !!!" said Veronica, and held aloft a superb and expensive diamond necklace.

"Hell's bells!" cried Freddie.

VERONICA was cooing like a dove in springtime. "Oh, Fred-dee! How sur-sweet of you! I never dreamed that you meant to give me anything like this."

"I didn't," he said crisply. "Not by a ruddy jugful. What you draw is a pendant. It will be delivered shortly."

Veronica's eyes widened.

"But I'd much rather have this than a pendant."

"I dare say," said Freddie, regretful but firm. "So would most people. But that necklace happens to belong to Aggie. The story is a long and complicated one, and throws a blinding light on the gov'nor's extraordinary mentality. Boiling it down, I asked him to have the necklace mailed to Aggie in Paris and to bring back the pendant for you, and he went and got the wires crossed."

"Do you mean," said Veronica, "that I'm not to keep this necklace?"

Freddie replied that that was it.

"Can't I wear it at the County Ball?"

"Imposs, I fear," said Freddie with a manly pity that became him well. "The jamboree to which you allude does not take place for another fortnight, and Aggie wants the thing at once. She has already wired four times for it, and I am expecting telegram number five tomorrow. So look slippy and hand it over."

Veronica's lips set in a firm line. "No," she said.

At this moment Tipton Plimsoll entered the room and was brought up short by the sight of Veronica dandling the necklace.

"Who gave you that?" he demanded tensely.

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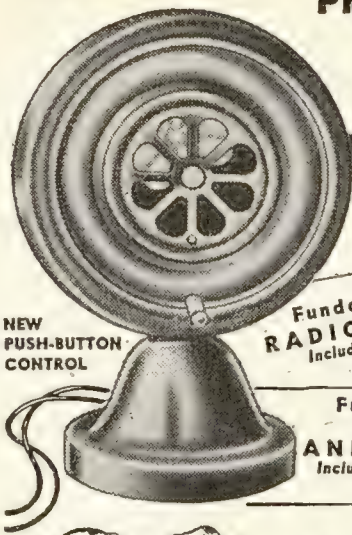
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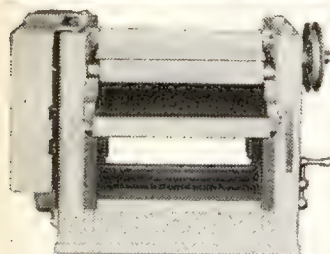
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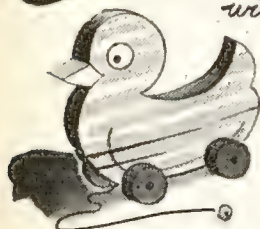
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Lady Hermione awoke to a sudden sense of peril as Veronica spoke.

"Freddie gave it to me for my birthday," she said.

From Tipton's lips, starting from the lower reaches of his soul, there came a low, soft, hollow grunting sound.

"It's my wife's!" cried Freddie. "What I mean—"

The Hon. Galahad's smooth voice cut in.

"What Freddie is trying to say, my dear fellow, is that the thing originally belonged to his wife. Having no more use for it, she handed it over to him to do what he liked with. Why should there be anything to cause remark in the fact that he gave the little trinket to Veronica?"

Tipton stared. "You call that a little trinket? It must have cost ten thousand smackers."

There was genuine amusement in the Hon. Galahad's jolly laugh. "My dear chap! Mrs. Freddie bought that necklace at the five-and-ten-cent store."

You could generally rely on Veronica to say the wrong thing, and she did so now. "I'm going to wear it at the County Ball, Tip-pee."

Tipton's brow darkened. Veronica had touched his pride.

"Is that so?" he said formidably. "You think I'm going to have my future wife wearing fake five-and-ten-cent-store jewelry at any by golly County Ball? I'll say I'm not. I'm the fellow who'll buy you all the stuff you need for the County Ball. Me!" His eyes, sweeping the room, fell on Prudence. "You were saying yesterday you needed something for that jumble sale for the church. Take this," said Tipton.

"Right ho," said Prudence listlessly. "Thanks."

She passed through the door,

leaving a throbbing silence behind.

PRUDENCE'S room was at the back of the castle, next door to Tipton Plimsoll's. Its balcony looked down on meadows and trees, and so a few minutes later did Prudence, her bruised spirit seeking to obtain some solace from the contemplation of the peaceful scene. Presently she went back into the room with a weary sigh which changed abruptly to a startled squeak. A human form sat in the armchair.

"Hullo, my dear," said her uncle Galahad genially. "Did you think I was a burglar?"

"I thought it was Freddie come for the necklace."

"It is extremely fortunate that it wasn't, considering that you had left the thing lying right out in the open on your dressing table. Oh, it's all right now. I've got it in my pocket. Don't you realize, my dear child, what the possession of this necklace means to you?"

Prudence made a tired gesture. "Nothing means anything to me if I can't have Bill."

"You're going to have Bill," he said. "Can't you understand you have been handed the whole situation on a plate? What's going to happen when you refuse to part with this necklace? The opposition will have to come to terms, and we shall dictate those terms. After you left the drawing room," he continued, "Plimsoll took Veronica off for a stroll, leaving the rest of us to our general meeting. Freddie told us rather eloquently what Aggie was going to do to him if she didn't get her necklace, and he threatened, unless the necklace was in his hands by nightfall, to tell Plimsoll what it was really worth and add that he had given it to Veronica as a birthday present. I don't think I have ever seen your aunt Hermione so purple.



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She is convinced that if Plimsoll ever finds out that necklace is genuine he will break off the engagement and stalk out of Veronica's life. It appears that he is madly jealous of Freddie."

Prudence gave an awed gasp. "Golly!" she said. "I see what you mean. You're a great man to have on one's side, Uncle Gally."

"I like to stick up for my pals. Well, I'm going back to hide the swag. I'll put it in a place where no one would dream of looking. After that I thought of going for a saunter in the cool of the evening. Care to join me?"

"I'd love to, but I've got to write to Bill."

IF Prudence's eyes had not been blurred by tears she might have seen, when she was leaning on the rail of her balcony, Bill Lister sitting on a tree stump outside the second spinney to the right.

But being preoccupied she had missed him, and Bill, who had sprung to his feet in the hope of attracting her attention, had the chagrin of seeing her vanish like some goddess in a dream. He had taken careful note of the spot and had gone off to find a ladder.

One of the things which may be placed to the credit side of the English country house is that if you want a ladder when you are in its grounds, you can generally find one. It may take time, as it did on this occasion, but the search is seldom fruitless. Bill placed his against the wall, steadied it, and began to climb. Entering Prudence's room with beating heart, he found it empty. But a moment later he had perceived a letter lying on the dressing table, where its author had thought it wisest to leave it while she went to persuade a housemaid to deliver it.

Bill read the beginning:

My own darling beautiful Bill

At first a mere outpouring of worship and affection, it shortly began the saga of the necklace. And, as he read, his heart bounded. Rout had been turned to victory.

But now from outside in the corridor there came the sudden sound of voices, one of them that of Lady Hermione Wedge.

"Are you sure?" she was saying.

The voice which replied was strange to Bill, for he had not yet had the privilege of meeting Colonel Wedge.

"Quite sure, old girl. No possibility of error. He propped a beastly great ladder against the wall, and before my very eyes he shinned up it like a lamplighter. I can show you the ladder. Here, come and look."

Bill's first move was to lock the door so as to ensure himself at least a respite when the big push started. This done, he hastened out on the balcony. On the walls of houses there are generally water pipes down which a man may slide.

A moment later he had seen one.

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But it was a matter of some dozen feet away from him. Then he saw that along the wall was a ledge.

He was weighing the pros and cons when there cut abruptly into his meditations the sound of a woman's voice.

"This door is locked. He must be in here. Break down this door, Charles."

Bill scrambled over the balcony rail and set his foot on the ledge.

Simultaneously, Tipton Plimsoll hurried past the group in the corridor and shot into his bedroom like a homing rabbit. Beneath his coat there was some bulky object, spoiling the set of it. At about the moment when Bill started looking around for water pipes, Tipton had been leaving the Hon. Galahad's suite on the ground floor with the flask which he had been mad enough to allow out of his possession.

Safe in his refuge, he now produced the flask, looking at it with affection and anticipation. At that precise moment he saw something out of the corner of his eye and turned. Pressed against the window-pane, a fixed, intent expression in its eyes, was a face. A phantom face. It seemed to be trying to say something to him.

What Bill was trying to say was that he would be glad if Tipton would at his earliest convenience open the window and let him in, and allow him to remain in modest seclusion under the bed until the fever of the chase had spent itself.

But the man behind the flask gave Bill one long, reproachful look and left the room in a marked manner.

Reluctantly Bill grasped the water pipe and worked his way cautiously downwards.

LATER, the Hon. Galahad stood on the terrace, apparently in a reverie but watching his sister, accompanied by Lord Emsworth, draw near.

Gally was a man who believed in brisk attack.

"Well?" he said. "Made up your mind?"

There was almost a pleading note in Lady Hermione's voice.

"But, Galahad, you can't want your niece to marry a penniless artist?"

"He's the owner of what will be the finest roadhouse in England as soon as Clarence has put up the capital for modernization."

"Eh?" said Lord Emsworth, whose thoughts had wandered.

"Listen, Clarence," said Gally. "Do you want to make a lot of money?"

"I've got a lot of money," said Lord Emsworth.

"You can always do with a bit more. This roadhouse will be a gold mine," said Gally. "And a half share in it, Clarence, is yours for five thousand pounds. All I want at the moment from you is a letter to my godson, Bill Lister, promising to cough up in due course."

Lord Emsworth shook his head.

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Gally's face hardened. "All right," he said. "Then mark the alternative. I stick to that necklace, and what ensues? Ruin and misery and desolation. Young Plimsoll breaks off his engagement to Veronica. Mrs. Freddie divorces Freddie, who comes to eke out the sad remainder of his days at Blandings Castle."

"I'll go and write that letter at once," said Lord Emsworth.

"And now, perhaps, Galahad," Hermione said, "you will be good enough to give me that necklace."

"I haven't got it. From motives of safety, in case you might feel the urge to come and hunt about in my room, I put it in a place where I thought you wouldn't dream of looking. Young Plimsoll gave me his flask to keep for him—a large, roomy flask—"

"You put the necklace in Tipton's flask?"

"A dashed shrewd hiding place, I thought. But I'm sorry to say the bally thing has been removed. Who has got it now I can't tell you."

"I can," said Lady Hermione. "He gave it to me. I met him coming out of his room just now, and he pressed it into my hand with a strange, wild look in his eyes, and asked me to take care of it for him."

Her voice trailed away in a sigh that was like the wind blowing through the cracks in a broken heart.

"Well, that's fine," said Gally. "If you've got the thing, you can give it to Freddie, and the matter is closed. Everybody happy, loving young hearts united, nothing to worry about. And now I'll go and see how Clarence is getting on with that letter. After that, I have to go and meet a couple of people in the rose garden."

He trotted off towards the house, going hippety-hippety-hop like an elderly Christopher Robin.

THE END



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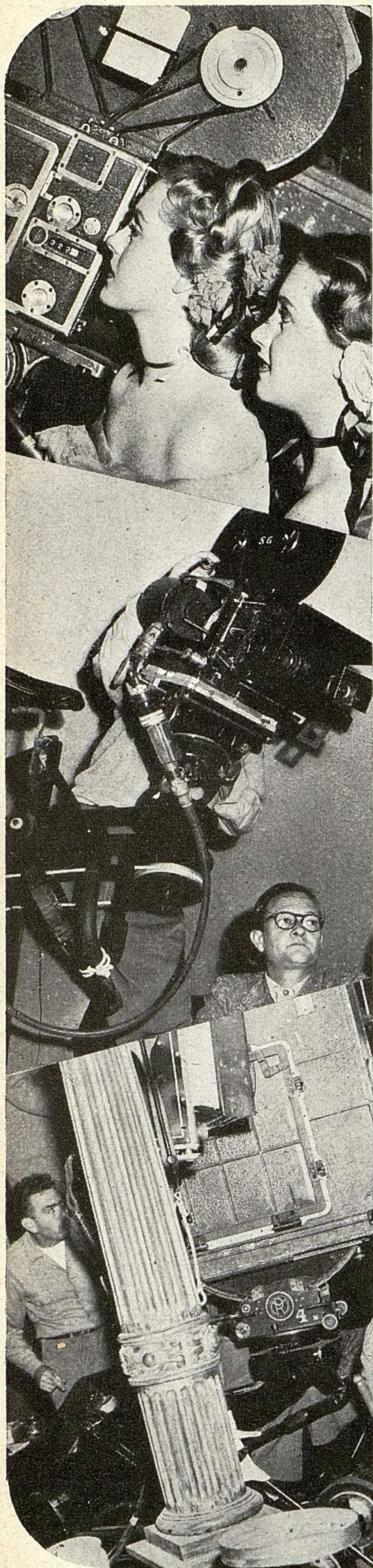
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SENT ON APPROVAL!



Let's Keep Them Colossal

DURING the ruckus over the British tax on American movies, we had the feeling that many citizens regarded Hollywood's plight with indifference. The general attitude seemed to be: What if they are down to their last swimming pool!

Many people think of Hollywood as an essentially frivolous place. They picture it as a tinsel town of champagne and dancing girls.

To such people the true facts about Hollywood will be enlightening. It is in reality a manufacturing city of grueling activity. There's fun, as there is anywhere, but studio workers probably labor longer and harder than most industrial workers.

Ponder this, too: Movies employ more than 200,000 Americans, and pay them nearly \$350,000,000 a year. The industry has more than a two-billion-dollar investment in theaters, studios, and distributing companies. Obviously, it's the world's largest user of cameras and film.

If you still believe movies are expendable fluff, consider that Hollywood is one of the country's biggest taxpayers. Uncle Sam collects more than \$450,000,000 a year out of movie-theater receipts alone—not to mention the astronomical taxes paid by high-salaried motion-picture employees and producers.

Most important, movies are a characteristically American form of entertainment—the one form of entertainment which reaches across all income groups. To the President of the United States as well as the humblest unskilled worker, movies are a necessary escape from the tensions and problems of everyday living. They have become, in truth, almost as much a necessity of life as food and shelter.

What hurts movies hurts taxpaying, wage-earning Americans everywhere. The motion-picture industry is largely owned by the American people. It is because of them that movies have become worthy of their own favorite adjective, "colossal." Let's keep them colossal!

PAUL HUNTER



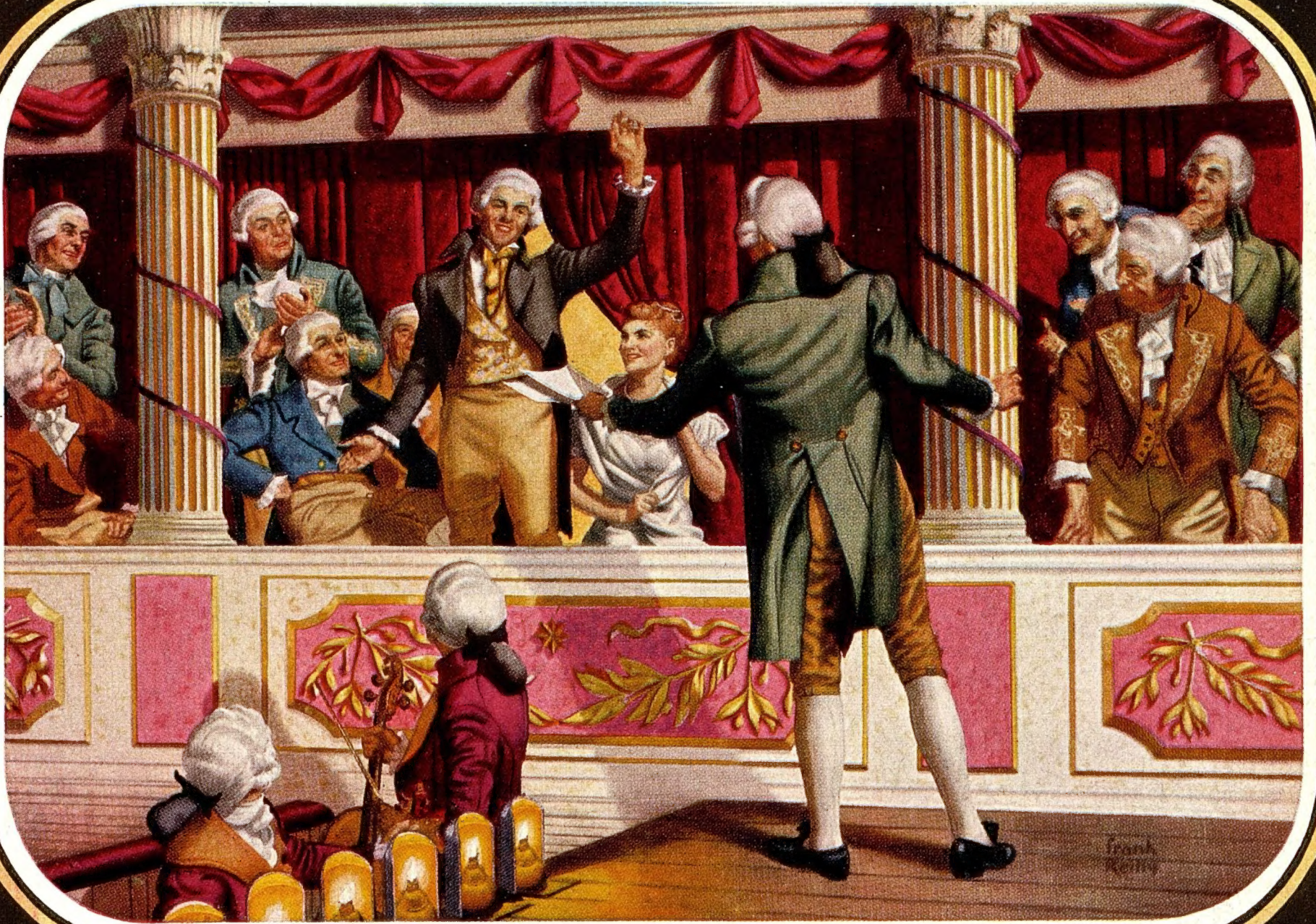
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PAUL HUNTER, *Publisher*

DAVID BROWN, *Editor*

NOVEMBER, 1947



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